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SOMETHING
FUNNY

FREE GIANT POSTER YOU CAN'T REFUSE! LOOK INSIDE!

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CRACKED

MAZAGINE

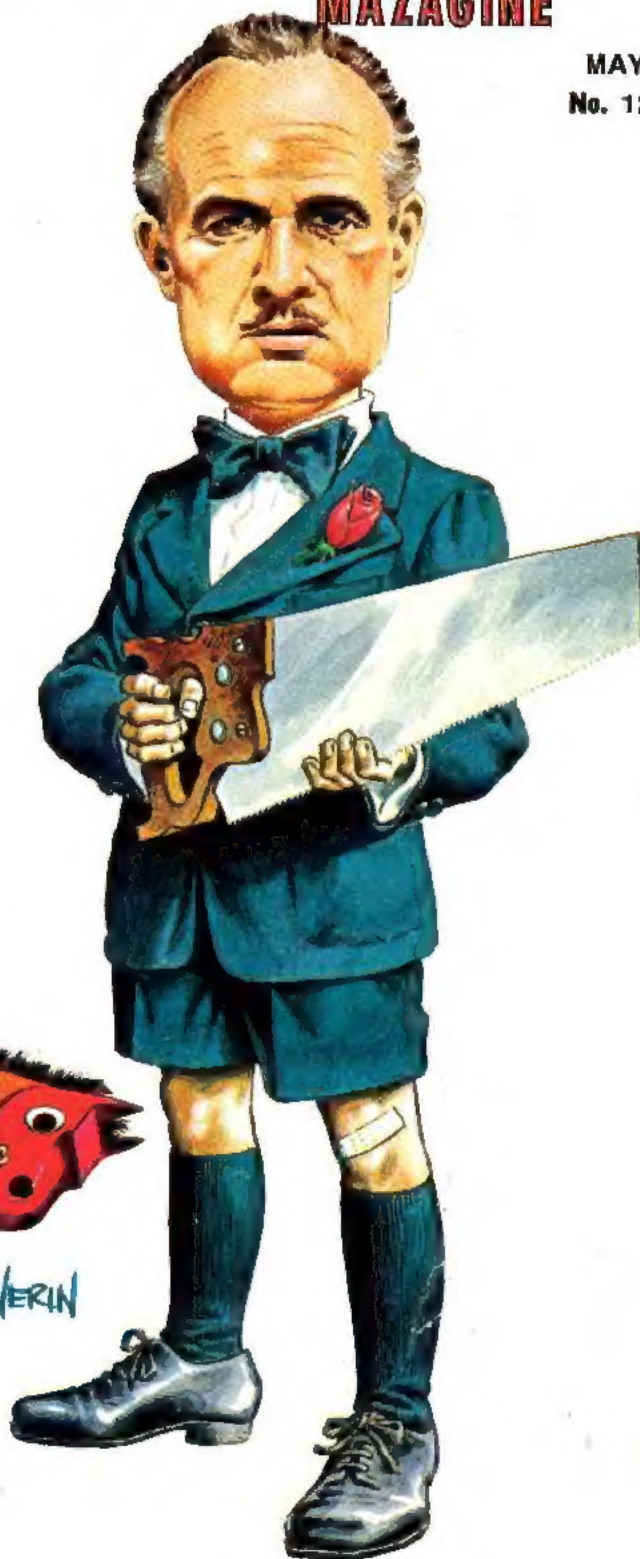
MAY
No. 124



SEVERIN

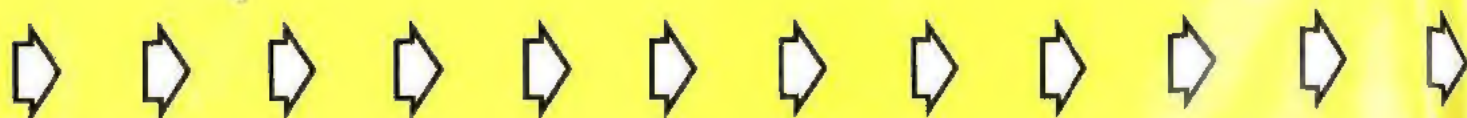
IN THIS ISSUE:
WE HORSE
AROUND WITH

The Godfodder



IMPO

MES



LETTUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

I very much enjoyed Nanny Dickering's interview with the Restaurant King because my father owns a restaurant. I want to tell you that in a month and a half I bought 6 magazines and 4 books. I am taking them overseas so my relatives can enjoy them. So please don't let me miss new magazines. **SELL THEM IN LEBANON!**

Allen Shaheen

We'd like to sell Cracked in Lebanon but we have trouble dealing with the Lebanese. They've all got sloppy handwriting.

Dear CRACKED,

I would like to tell you how I got my first CRACKED Magazine. I went down to my local store to browse around the magazine rack and I saw CRACKED magazine. I picked it up, looked in it and it looked good. So I bought it, loved it and now I subscribe to it.

Jim Franklin
Payette, Idaho

Dear Jim,

Thanks for telling us how you got your first CRACKED. We wish it was

as easy for us to get ours. Unfortunately, all the newsstands close up when they see us coming.

Dear Editor,

When in the publications industry, you must keep in mind one thing—you lack etiquette. Tell Sylvester P. Smythe (your private sanitation worker) that instead of the polka-dotted rag, he should use a proper blue or white handkerchief.

One last note to the readers. When holding the magazine keep your little finger up in proper fashion.

Paul Edward Halley I
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Paul,

Sylvester said it was a white one but he dropped it in a bucket of polka-dot paint.

Dear Editor,

You have the best magazine around. All my friends read it and I do too. I liked your July issue when you CRACKED up Cannon. Please say hi to everyone in Port Colborne.

Tony Palmar
Port Colborne, Ont., Canada

Dear Tony,

I would love to but I can't remember everyone's name.

Dear CRACKED,

Your mag is really dumb but makes the greatest sandwich since Aunt Rubert's mayonnaise and TV Guides sandwich. Thanks for a great meal! I just finished my third one. Now you'll be with me forever.

Cynthia Haffy III

P.S. I'll bet your writer's do all the letters! I'll bet you're just going to throw this away. Well, you might not put it in CRACKED but try it on two pieces of rye with mustard. It's really good. (I'm not kidding.)

Dear Cynthia,

You know, your letter was tasty. But Lettuce from our readers on rye with

mustard sure isn't my idea of a great lunch.

Dear CRACKED Jacks,

The "Inept-One Factor" (CR #120) was so funny I died laughing! I also died when I read "The Six Billion Dollar Man!" They were both great. In fact the whole magazine was great.

Jess R. Perez
Hollywood, Calif.

Hey Jess,

For one guy, you're doing a lot of dying.

Dear CRACKED People,

Your article on 'American Car Daffy' (CRACKED #121) was super. It had to be one of the best out of the hundreds of great ones you do.

P.S. Who thinks up your names for your articles?

Jeff Hochreiter
Massillon, Ohio

Dear Jeff,

Our First Vice President in Charge of Thinking-Up Titles for CRACKED Articles.

Dear CRACKED,

I have been a reader of your magazine for three years now, and I just love it! But, my Mom says if I don't stop reading your mag I really will CRACK! Do you think this could happen?

Jeff English
Lock Haven, Pa.

Dear Jeff,

Heh! Heh! Heh! She should know—she used to be one of our greatest subscribers!

Dear CRACKED,

Wow! Your FREE Iron-On in the 'Planet With The Apes' book is fantastic. I've never seen a real Iron-On that really works right, in a magazine before. I put it on my jacket and it looks far-out. Where can I get more?

Janet Rogers
New York, N.Y.

Dear Janet,

Glad you liked it; we knew you would! We will be selling them soon in our magazine, so keep looking.

Dear CRACKED,

I have bought several magazines, trying to learn and practice my English, but really I found that CRACKED was the funniest magazine I ever read! I thank you so much, CRACKED. Now I



can have a magazine double-barreled for me ... learn English & enjoy your jokes. Adelante amigos.

Manuel S. Fernandez H.
Colombia, South America

Dear Manuel,

We're glad u like CRACKED. But for lernin inglush we ain't too sur if'n itsa good ida to use aur mazagline, cause yer inglysh is gooder than aurs rite now!

Dear CRACKED,

This is to notify you that I CRACKED up when I saw 'The gorilla of my dreams' in your 'PLANET WITH THE APES'. It's the exact picture of my mother-in-law. I just died laughing—you'll probably die too since she's gonna sue you.

George Bailly
Flint, Michigan

Dear George,

No problem—we're sure we'll be able to pay her off in bananas!

Dear Editor,

As an avid golfer, I was extremely humored by 'A CRACKED LOOK AT GOLF,' CRACKED #123. How about a guide on how to play golf? I'm sure it would be hilarious.

Jim Ozimok
Aliquippa, Pa.

Dear Jim,

You'd better believe it! The last time we played golf we ruined 3 ball-point pens addressing the ball!

Dear CRACKED,

In your article, 'Beaujack,' CRACKED #122, Kojak turns out to be Serpico. If this is true, how come they are both on the cover? Boy, what dummies!

Jim Jankowski
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Jim,

That's right—you guessed it! One of the guys on the front cover is a dummy!! Can you guess which one?

Dear CRACKED,

That satire on 'The Three Mascoteers' was outstanding, fantas-

tic, fabulous, stupendous, super, tremendous and good, even!

*#121

Paul L. Wishengrad
Audubon, Pa.

Dear Paul,

Sorry you didn't like it.

Dear CRACKED,

We speak on behalf of all the rest of us cabbage heads. You guys are always callin us Lettuce Heads: we are Cabbage Heads! If you call us Lettuce Heads we'll ... uh ... er ... uh. I don't know what we'll do! Please call us Brussel Sprouts (or was that Cabbage Heads?), I can't tell the difference, can you? But anyhow, let me make this perfectly clear—we are NOT Lettuce Heads!

Your Loyal Brussel Sprouts,
(or was that cabbage?)

Nancy Thiel
Lisa Wolf

—and friends

Anchorage, Alaska

Dear Brussel Sprouts,

We didn't know that lettuce, cabbage or brussel sprouts grew in Alaska—then Sylvester said, "Sure they do; where do you think our frozen vegetables come from?"

Dear CRACKED,

In your article 'The Far-Out Four,' the 4 heroes are in the sky over Washington, but they don't have wings—what's keeping them up there?

Susan Stokes
Melborne, Florida

Dear Sue,

Washington's main industrial by-product ... HOT AIR!

Dear CRACKED,

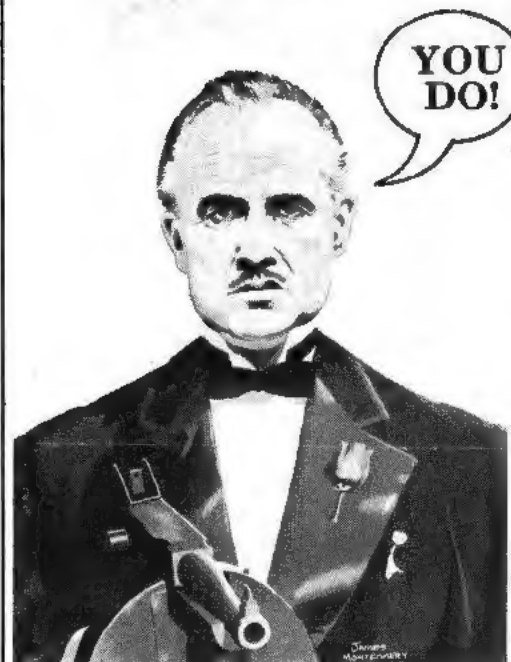
I love your magazine. I think it is terrific and wonderful and perfect. But please write something about 'Good Times.' Please ...

Caridad Hernandez
Union City, N.J.

Dear Caridad,

O.K.—"Something About Good Times." If you keep reading CRACKED you'll have lotsa good times!

WHAT KIND OF MAN READS CRACKED



Here's an offer you can't
refuse!
Fill in the coupon, put it in a
plain envelope, with four
unmarked dollar bills and
save yourself a lot of
grief!!!

CRACKED SUBSCRIPTIONS
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003

Here's my **FOUR DOLLARS**
Please put me on your subscrip-
tion list real fast. I want lots of
large laughs?

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE..... ZIP.....

8 Issues — \$4.00
Outside U.S.A. — \$4.50

NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #125
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
MARCH 11th

The Godfather, Part I, was a tremendous smash and the sequel seems to be doing equally well. So naturally, they'll probably make a third, fourth, fifth, etc., part. Well, as they do, the leads that die will have to be replaced with new actors who are not quite as right for the part. Yes, if they keep on going, sooner or later we'll see a film like the following when they get up to

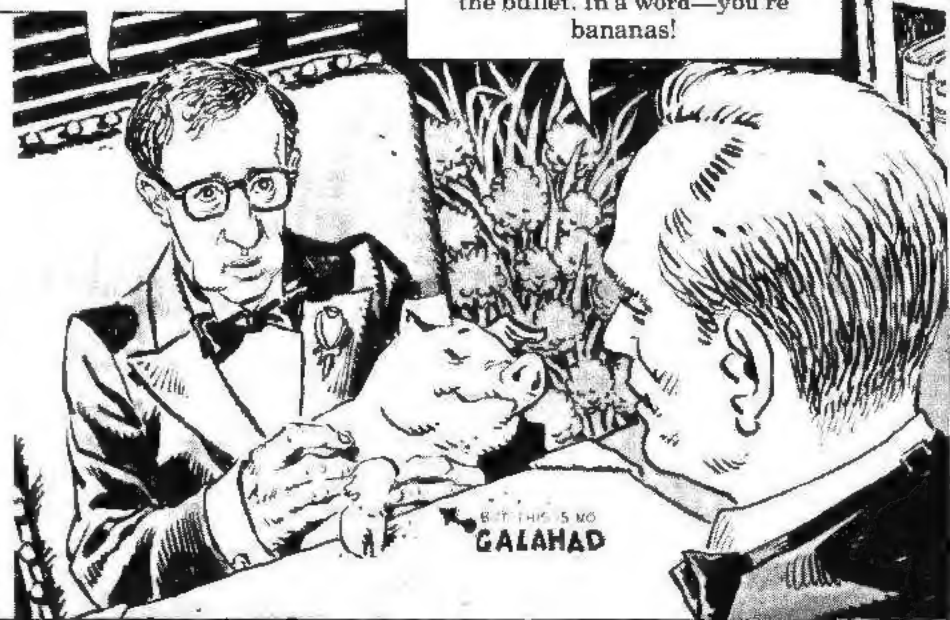
THE GODFODDER, PART XXIII

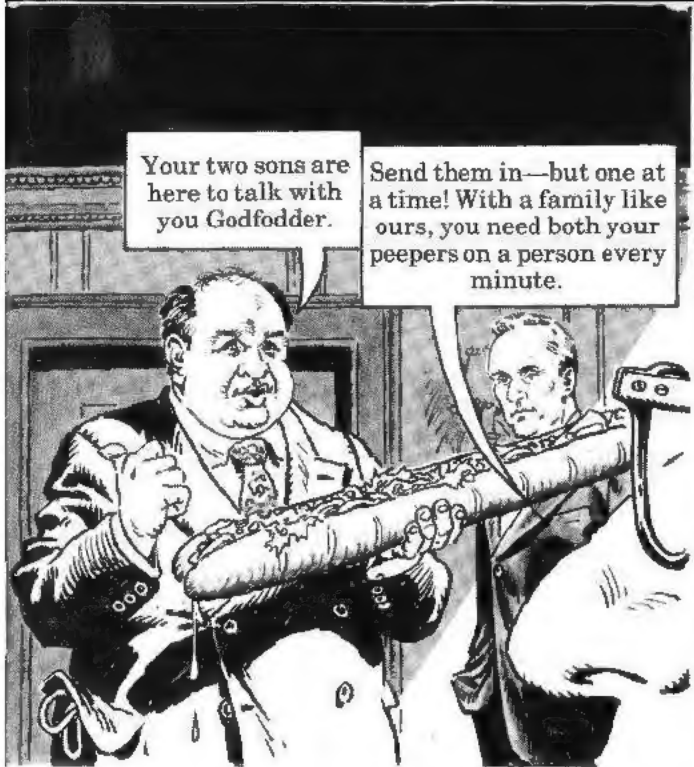
Godfodder, in the past I was counselor to all your predecessors from Marlon Brando and Al Pacino through Dennis Weaver in Part XX. I helped them and I could reason with them, but you—you are impossible—your requests are ludicrous.

All I ask is that after one of our hit men completes the job, he should try and recover the bullet. Our overhead is just too high!

But Godfodder, it's very hard to make a quick escape if after shooting someone you have to rummage through the body for the bullet. In a word—you're bananas!

Seymour Redley





Your two sons are here to talk with you Godfodder.

Send them in—but one at a time! With a family like ours, you need both your peepers on a person every minute.

O.K. Bruno, what's the matter now?

I wanna an assignment. I'ma done witha school and ready to goa ina da business.

But you're not supposed to graduate for another year! How'd you do it?

Brains!

HAVE YOU ENEMIES? WE AIM TO PLEASE

Brains? You haven't got any!

But my principla, he has. And I told him if I no graduate, they'd be a smooshed all over da office.

Alright. You can cover the new territory.

Hey, datsa great—but I'll needa a blanket, won't I? Or a biga piece a plastic?

Cut the jokes Bruno.

O.K., give me a scissor.



Want me to send in your second son?

Yeah—show the gorilla in.



O.K., what is it?

Uh, uh, wah, wah,—screeeech!

Yeah, but don't get in trouble. And son...

Uh, uh—wah?



EMERGENCY MATTRESS SUPPLY

Get a shave. You've got a really bad five o'clock shadow all over your body.

Godfodder—Bruno's on the phone.

Oh great! How's the new territory doing?





Well, so fara there's beena very fewa people to rub out.

Why's that?

Deres nobody up here.



No, litter! Alla the rubble from past space shots, she's a all over the place.



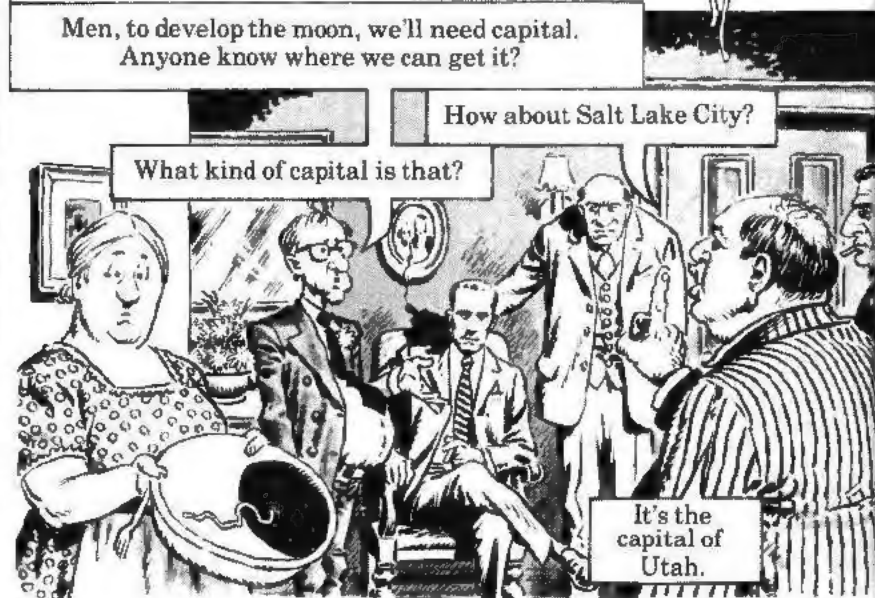
You're so strong. You're the gorilla of my dreams.



So then the whole territory is ours! We can start constructing our gambling casinos immediately.

Nota quite. Firsta we gotta develop a clearing.

There's trees up there?

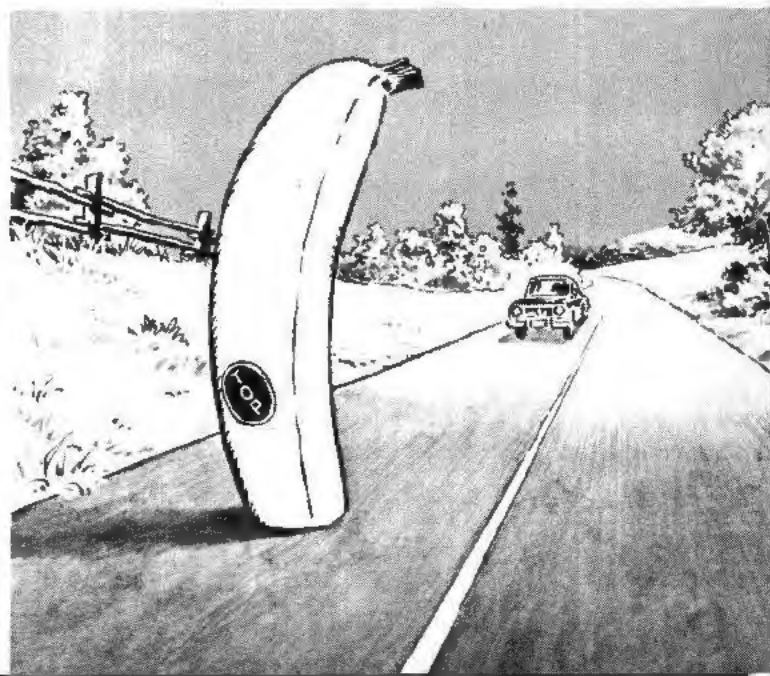


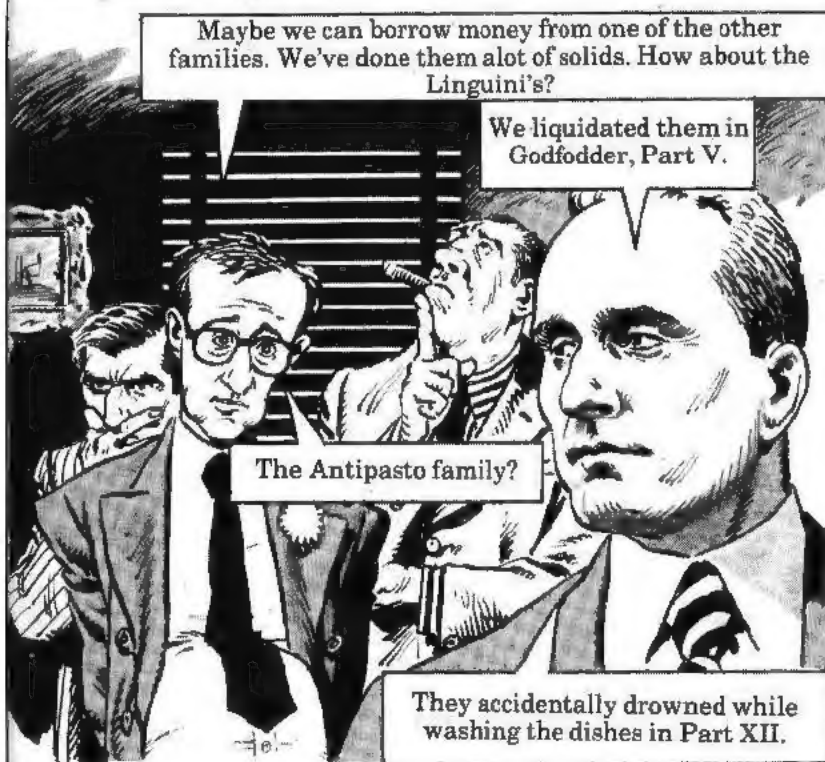
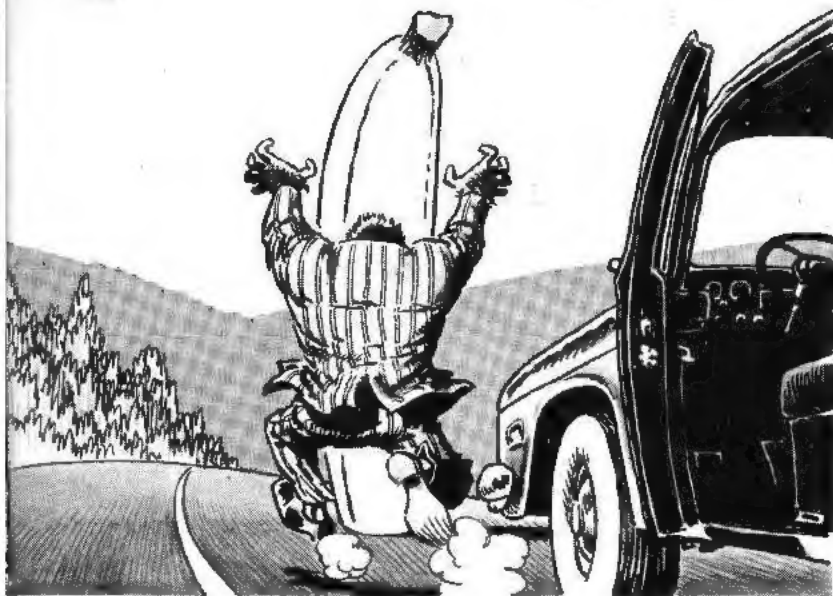
Men, to develop the moon, we'll need capital. Anyone know where we can get it?

How about Salt Lake City?

What kind of capital is that?

It's the capital of Utah.



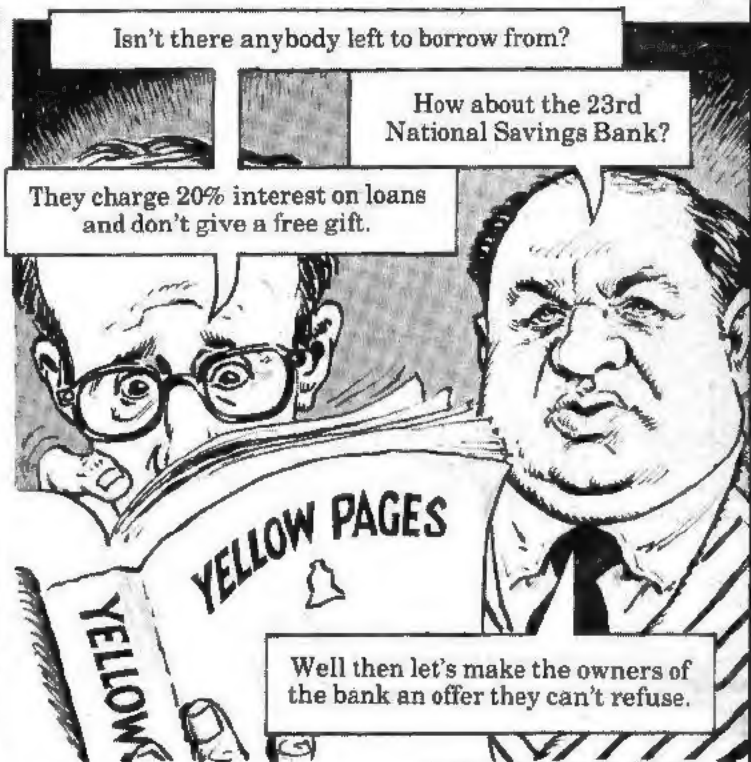


Maybe we can borrow money from one of the other families. We've done them alot of solids. How about the Linguini's?

We liquidated them in Godfodder, Part V.

The Antipasto family?

They accidentally drowned while washing the dishes in Part XII.



Isn't there anybody left to borrow from?

How about the 23rd National Savings Bank?

They charge 20% interest on loans and don't give a free gift.

Well then let's make the owners of the bank an offer they can't refuse.

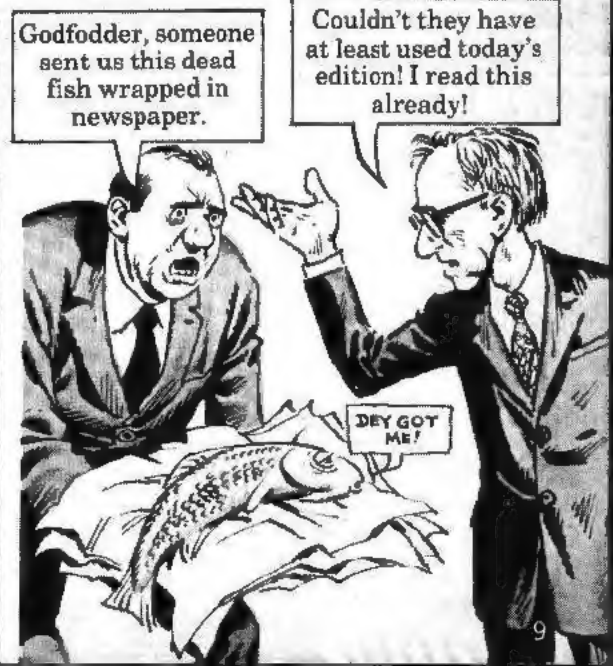


It'll never work.

We're the owners.

Why not?

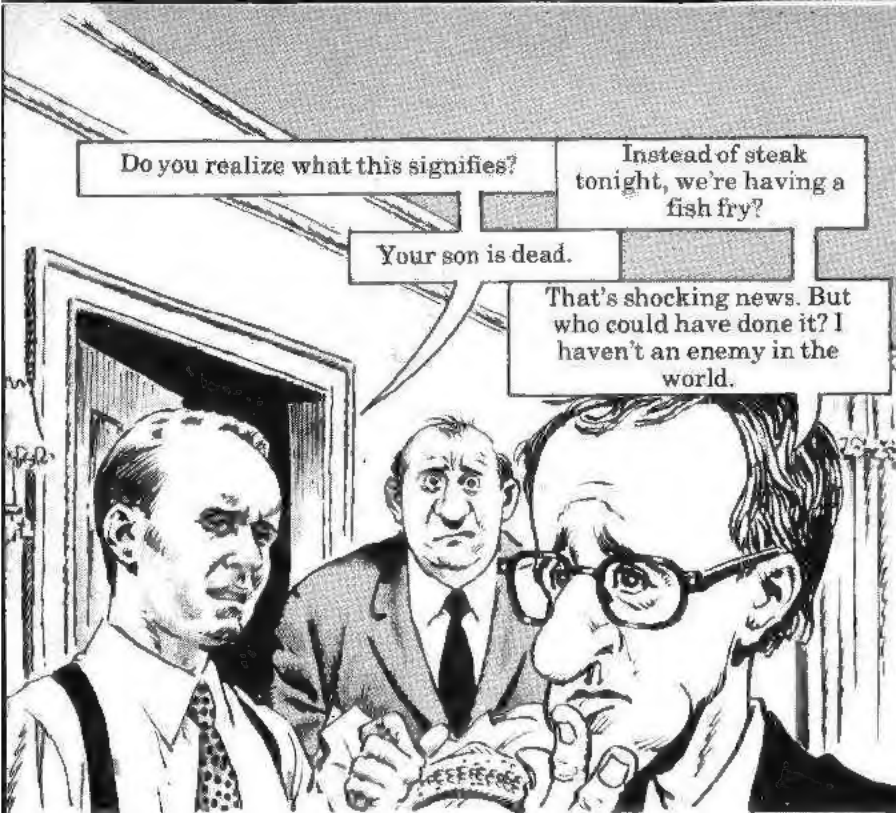
That explains why the interest is so high.



Godfodder, someone sent us this dead fish wrapped in newspaper.

Couldn't they have at least used today's edition! I read this already!

DEY GOT ME!



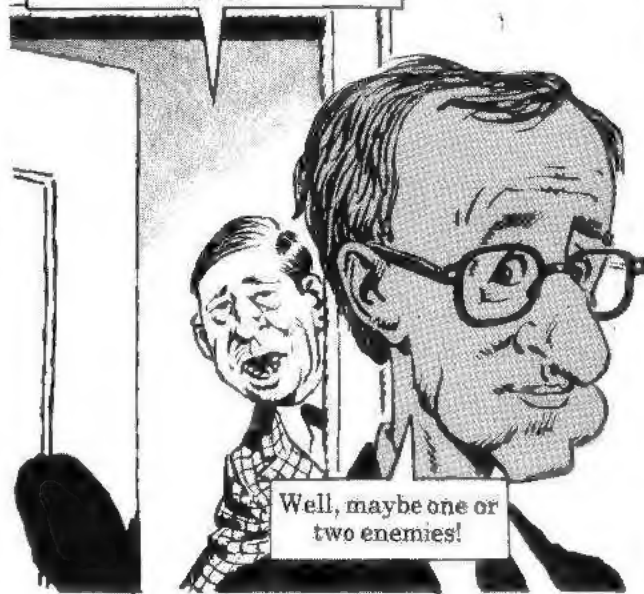
Do you realize what this signifies?

Instead of steak tonight, we're having a fish fry?

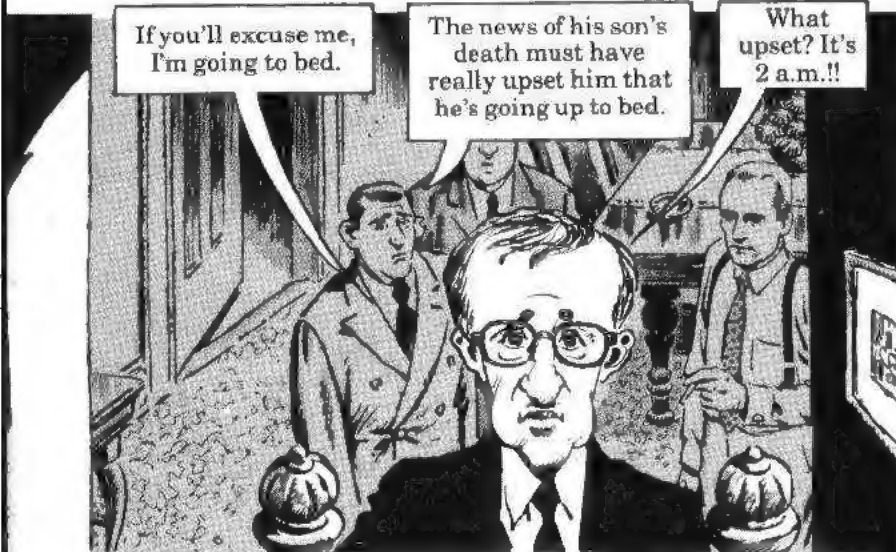
Your son is dead.

That's shocking news. But who could have done it? I haven't an enemy in the world.

Godfodder, those 36 people you wanted rubbed out—it's done!



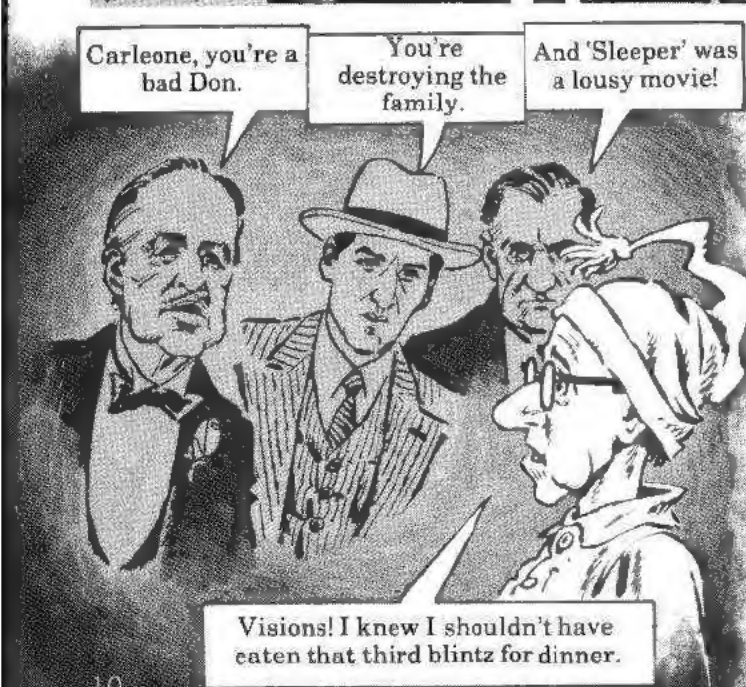
Well, maybe one or two enemies!



If you'll excuse me, I'm going to bed.

The news of his son's death must have really upset him that he's going up to bed.

What upset? It's 2 a.m.!!

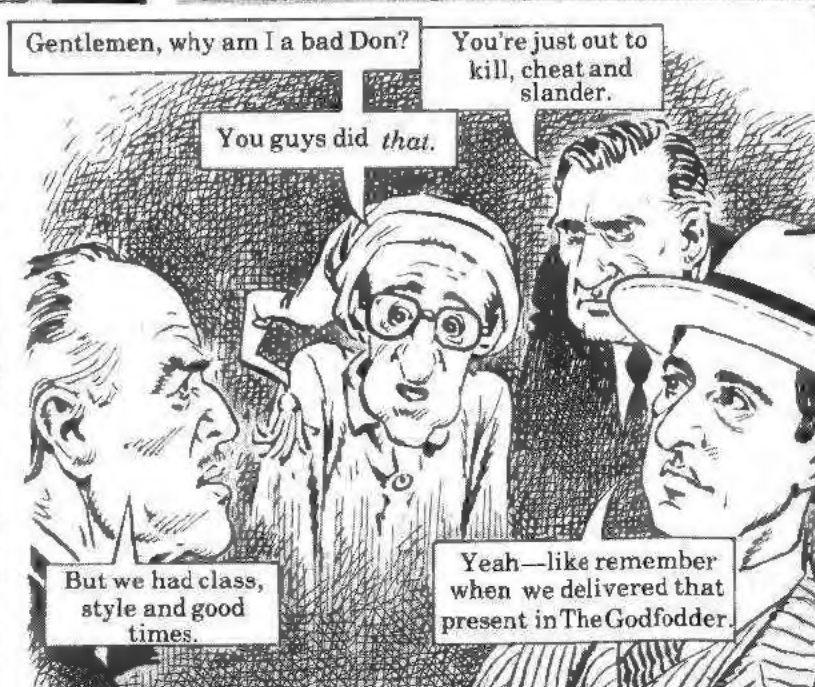


Carleone, you're a bad Don.

You're destroying the family.

And 'Sleepers' was a lousy movie!

Visions! I knew I shouldn't have eaten that third blintz for dinner.



Gentlemen, why am I a bad Don?

You're just out to kill, cheat and slander.

You guys did *that*.

But we had class, style and good times.

Yeah—like remember when we delivered that present in *The Godfodder*.

AAAAHHHHH!

My horse! Look at it! Those animals! Do you know what this means?

What's the matter?

It means every close race he runs from now on, he'll probably lose by a head!

... or the fun of speaking before the senate sub-committees.

Carleone, did you have my colleague gunned down? Carleone? Carleone?

He's not answering. Instead he's reaching for that bottle of liquor.

He's obviously taking the fifth

But despite me, the Godfodder can go on forever. We've got politicians on the payroll, cops on the take and judge's in our pockets.

That may be true, but I'm afraid your days as Godfodder are definitely coming to an end.

An end? But Great Don, WHY?

Because the writer and artist of this masterpiece have run out of room.

They can't do that! Call up room service and get me more! I'm not done ruling yet! I wanna take over Washington, corrupt Radio City Music Hall, pay off all the porpoises in Marine Land not to perform, go to...

You end this article and you guys are finished... you're dead... you're... quick - get their names before we disappear.

Each night while you're sitting in front of your television set, do you keep asking yourself "I wonder how the boob tube got to where it is today?" You don't! Well, this evening perhaps you'd better because the answer is coming up within this next article, entitled...

THE CRACKED HISTORY OF TELEVISION

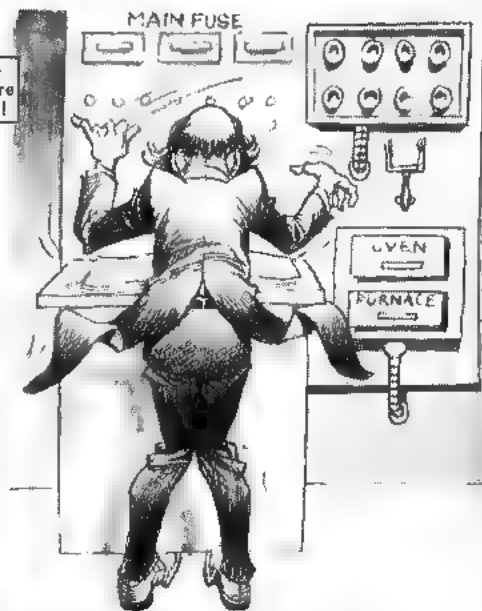
Television really has no one inventor, for it was developed part by part over a twenty-year span.

The invention of the picture tube came about when Louis May discovered a conductor of electricity.



During the 20's, Baird and Jenkins attempted to market television. However, many upon seeing its size, knew it would be hard to sell.

Finally, the modern home receiver came about in 1939 and families purchasing it pressed hard to find room in their homes for it.



Initially, there was a fear that an abnormal amount of radiation would be given off by early sets, but this proved to be false as the picture below shows.



Crude color television was first experimented with as early as 1948.



It was also in 1948 that another phenomenon came along.

In a moment we'll return to our program, but first a word from Mother Meyer's Moustache Wax



But as the novelty wore off, audiences soon became more demanding.

All right, Sir Richard, put your hands up! I'm taking you back to Queen Culpepper's castle.



At first television did not catch on...

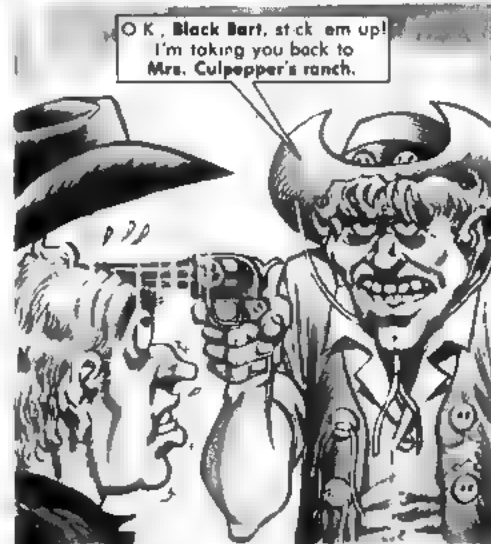


Yes, television was here and people adjusting their roof antennas for good reception became a common sight.



As the industry grew, so did its innovations and in the mid-50's came another phenomenon.

O.K. Black Bart, stick 'em up! I'm taking you back to Mrs. Culpepper's ranch.



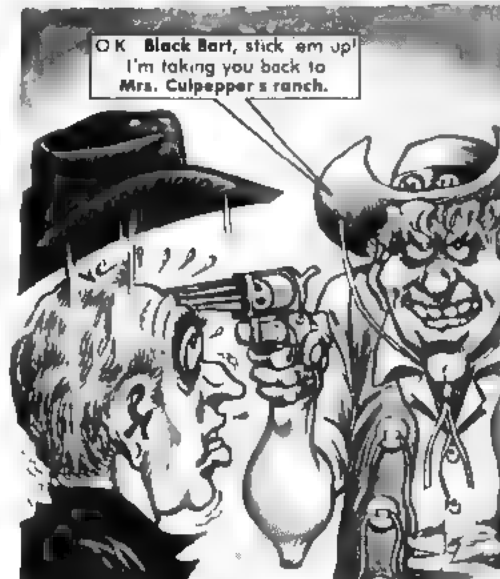
You guessed it... the rerun!

But in 1948 a cultural phenomenon came along that sold more TV's than anything else. Was it Van Cliburn at the piano, you ask?



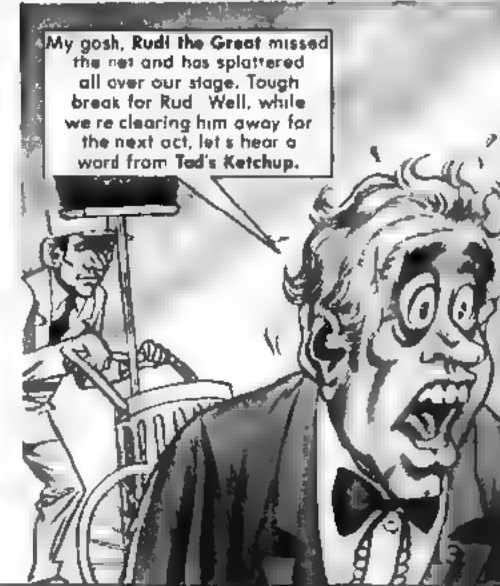
At first, people fascinated by the new invention, would watch anything.

O.K. Black Bart, stick 'em up! I'm taking you back to Mrs. Culpepper's ranch.

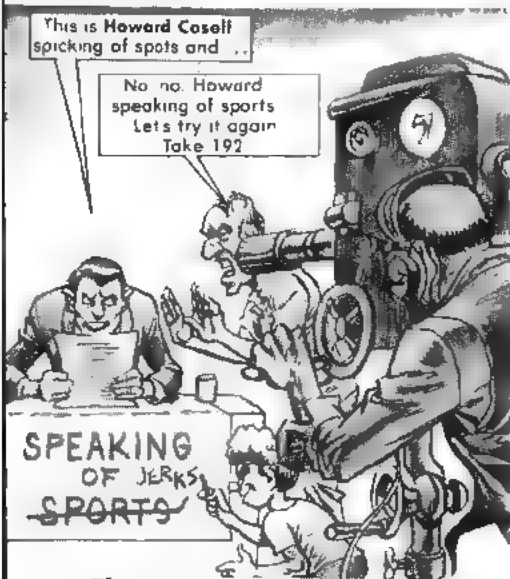


In the beginning, most shows were done live, letting audiences experience all of the medium's funny little mistakes.

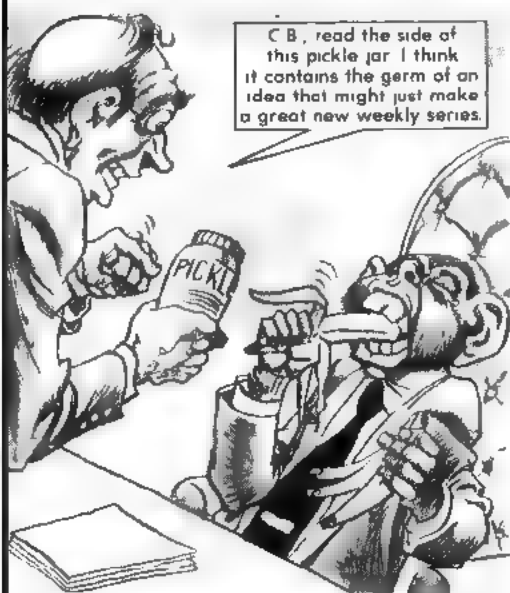
My gosh, Rudl the Great missed the net and has splattered all over our stage. Tough break for Rud. Well, while we're clearing him away for the next act, let's hear a word from Tad's Ketchup.



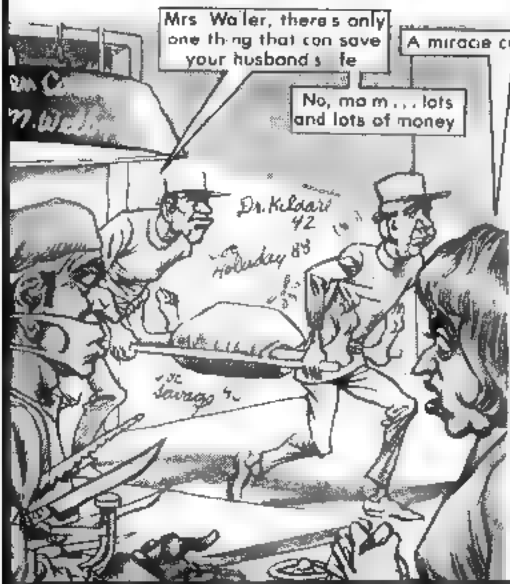
But soon, spontaneity left as shows were taped. Now programs could be done over and over until right.



The race was on for material as TV searched everywhere to adapt new series.



...dramatic medical shows...



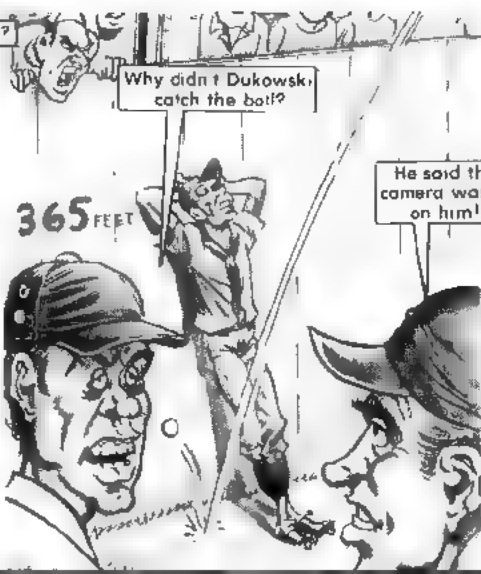
In the 50's, television took off via *situation comedies* where one person always seemed to be the brunt of the humor.



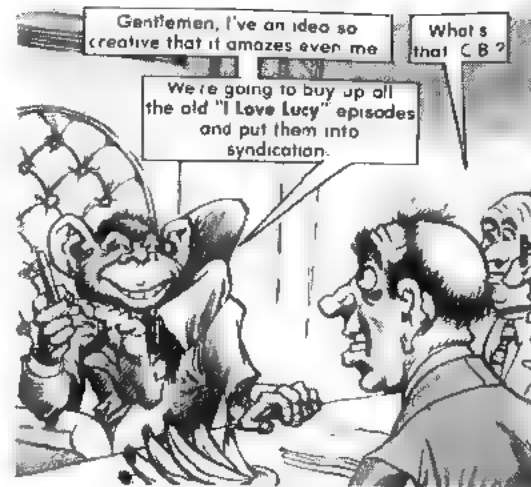
The reason...



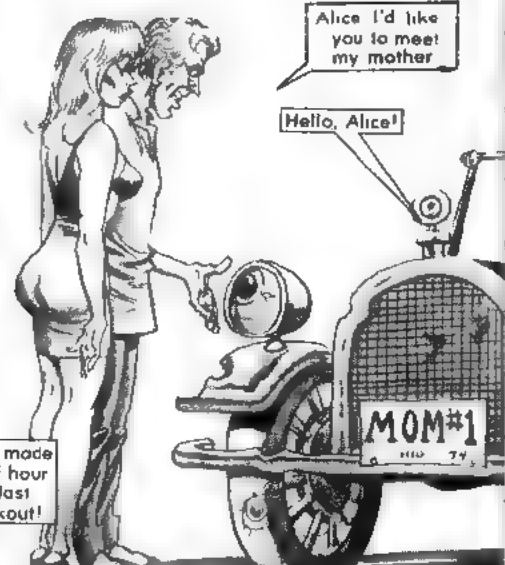
...and sporting events which many said were completely changed by the addition of television.



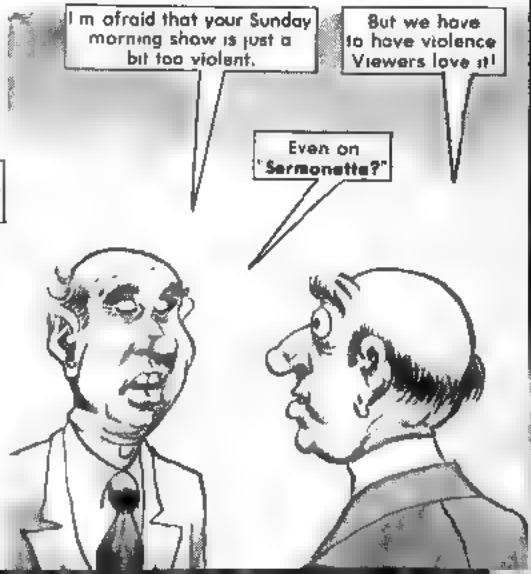
And the 50's ended with one comedy, "I Love Lucy," leaving the air after being No. 1 for 8 years. Came the 60's and executives searched vigorously for a show to replace "Lucy."



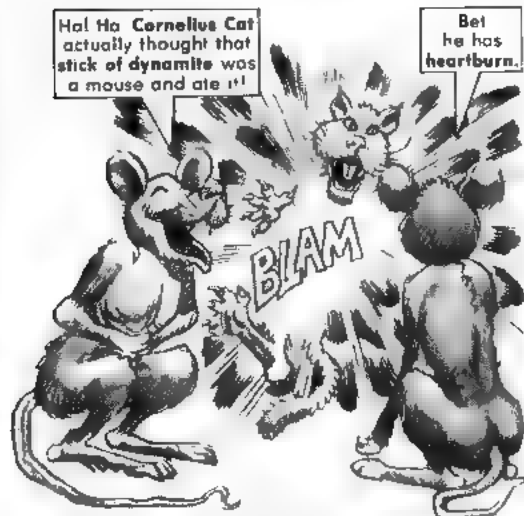
So networks began televising unique programming to capture a greater audience... like sophisticated situation comedies...



As the 60's progressed, new trends were evident and the FCC began to attack various aspects of television broadcasting.



Children's shows were also said to be violent.



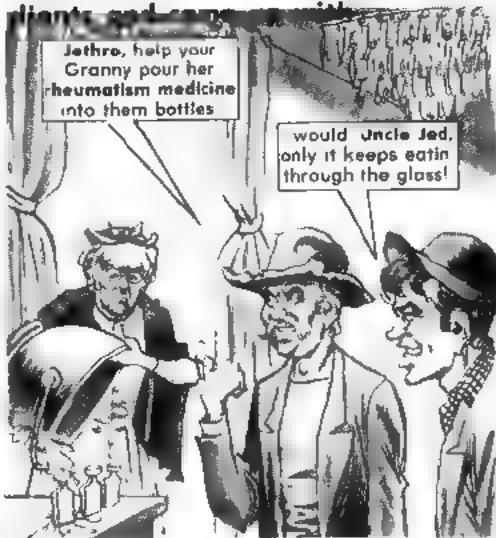
And in the late 60's, P.B.S. (Public Broadcasting System) which was completely free of commercials, made its debut. Reactions were mixed.



And likewise it is being experimented with the telephone.



People also complained that TV lacked depth, intelligence and stimulation, so the creators went back to the drawing boards, added the missing ingredients and...



But besides commercial TV, the media has triumphed in other ways. Closed circuit TV has been helpful in monitoring shoplifters.



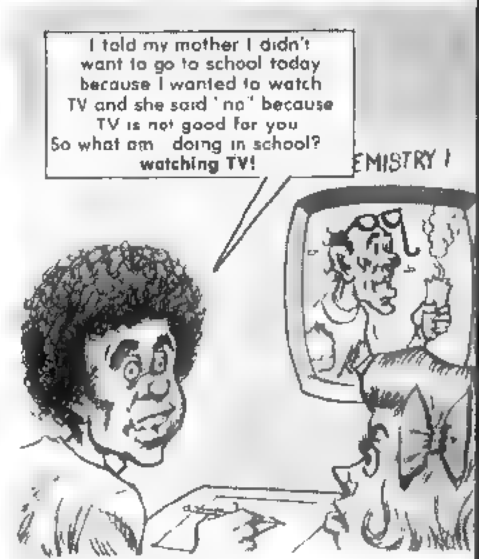
And what of TV of the future? Well, we believe we'll have much bigger screens.



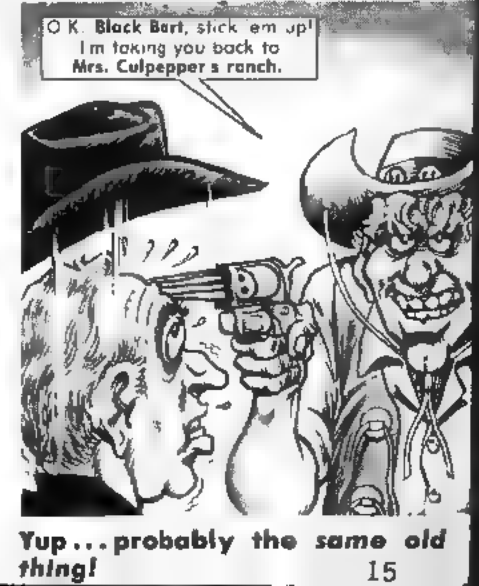
And executives claimed that they were trying their best to bring about diversified programming.



And as an audio-visual aid in classrooms.



And as for the programming on that screen...



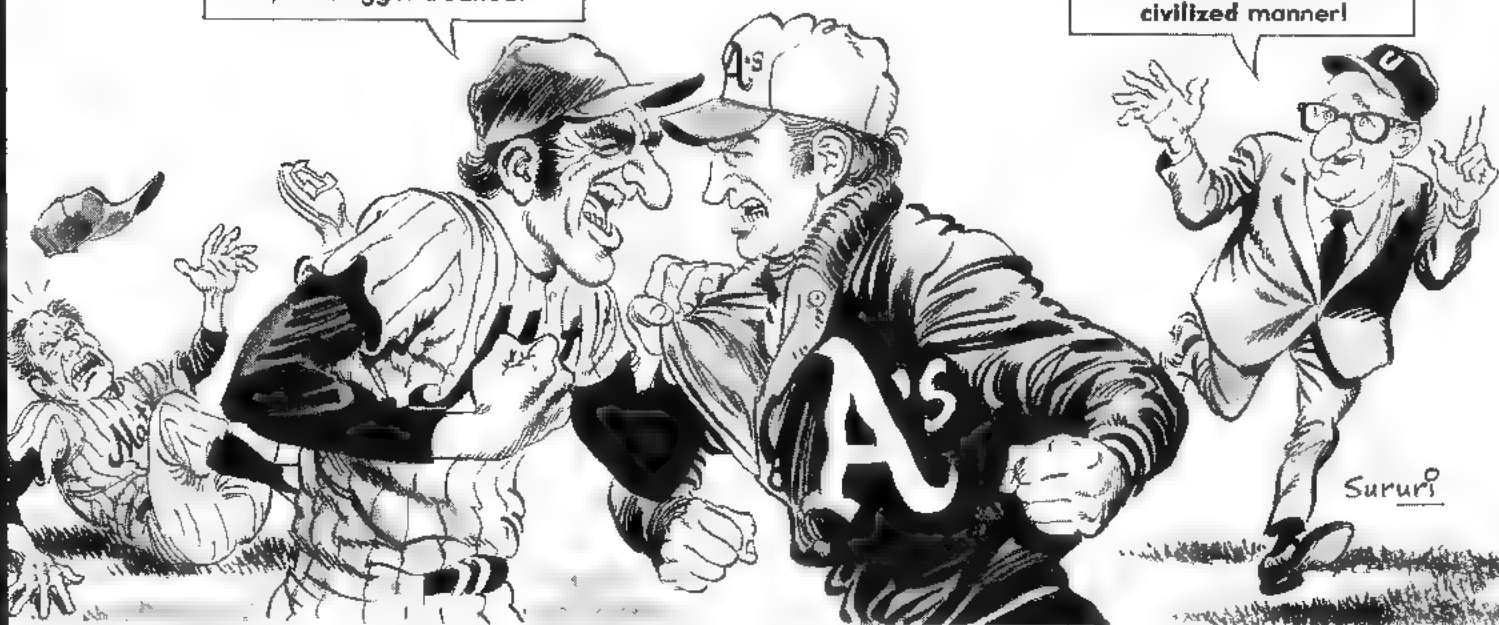
By now the settling of international squabbles has become very humdrum and routine for Henry Kissinger. Inevitably, the world's greatest diplomat will be looking for new fields to conquer. CRACKED wonders...

WHAT WILL SUPER K DO WHEN HE LEAVES THE GOVERNMENT?

Kissinger's negotiating ability would qualify him as a baseball umpire...

You %@#*!!! You had my best slugger beaned!

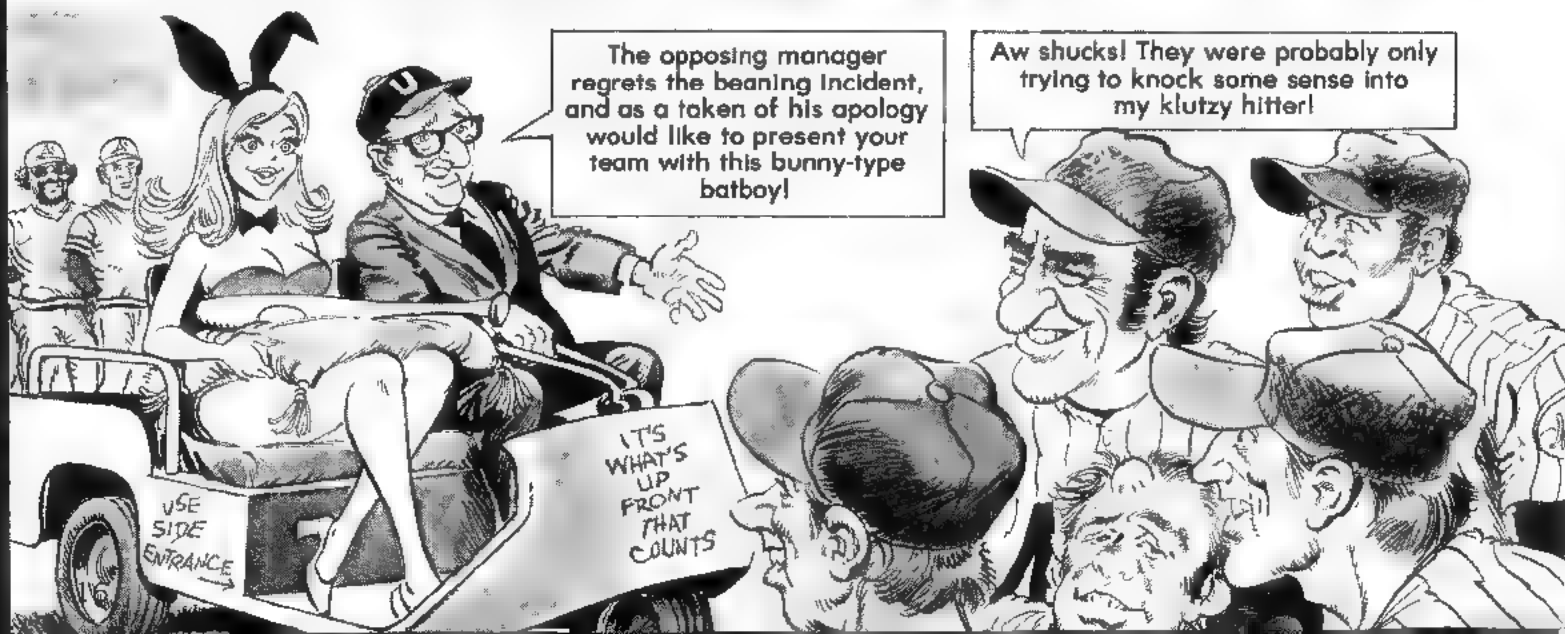
Gentlemen! Let us retire to our respective dugouts and settle this in a civilized manner!



... and make him the first arbiter to employ dugout-to-dugout shuttle umpiring.

The opposing manager regrets the beaming incident, and as a token of his apology would like to present your team with this bunny-type batboy!

Aw shucks! They were probably only trying to knock some sense into my klutzy hitter!



Kissinger's ability at reconciliation would qualify him as a marriage counsellor.



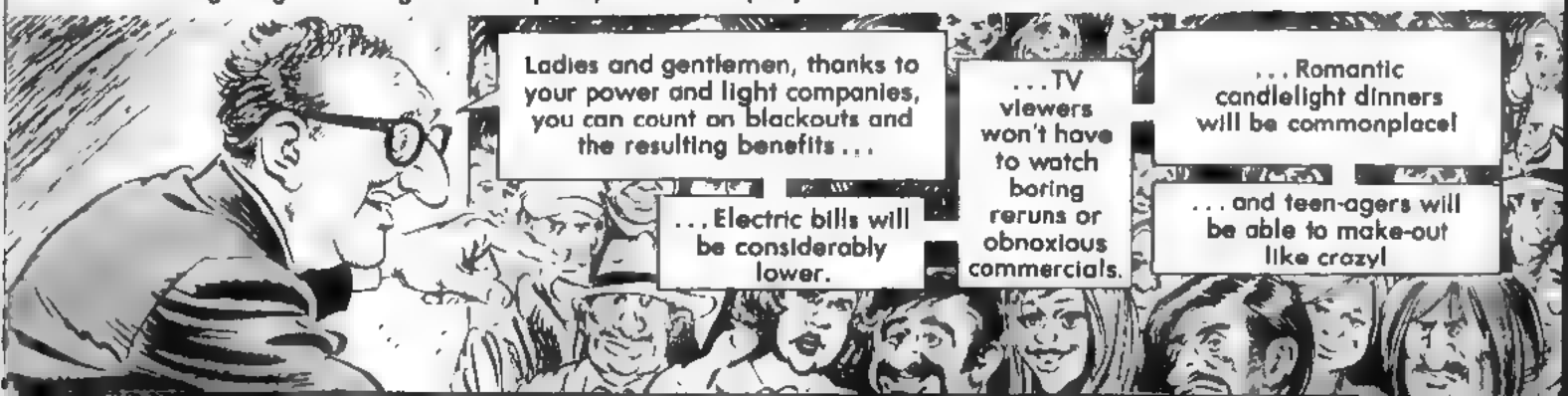
Kissinger's optimistic nature would qualify him as the kind of TV newscaster we desperately need



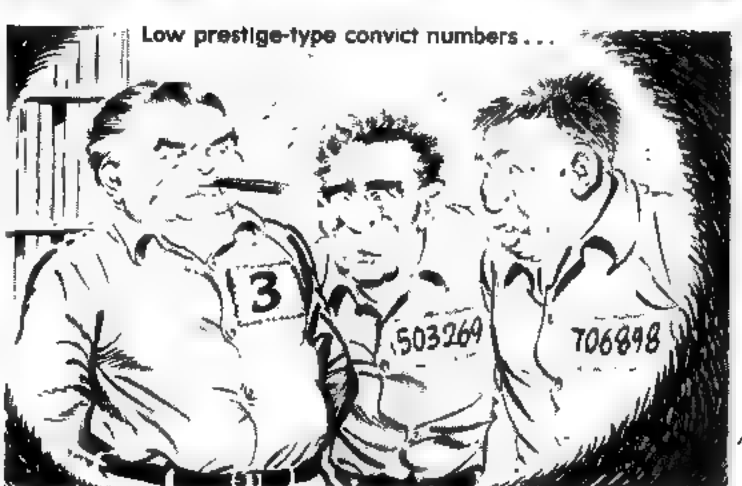
Kissinger's ability to persuade would qualify him as a super salesman ...



Kissinger's golden tongue would qualify him as a super public-relations man for the utilities ...



Kissinger's ability to reconcile implacable foes would qualify him as a mediator. As an example, CRACKED depicts a Kissinger-managed reconciliation between the FBI and the Mafia...



Since this is the age of equal rights for everybody, how come the Olympics still practice discrimination? Namely, why do they only let in athletes? How about all the other people from different walks of life who might like to compete with their counterparts in different parts of the world? To sum it all up, why not have . . .

OLYMPICS FOR NON-ATHLETES



POLITICIANS INTERNATIONAL GAMES

- * Both-Sides-Of-The-Fence Straddling
- * One-Side-Of-The-Mouth Talking
- * Bull Throwing
- * Hot-Air Blowing
- * Baby Kissing
- * Knish Eating
- * Vote Casting
- * Cross-Country Maneuvering

A new category this year is the Water gate Pentagon-thon, in which each contestant takes part in the following fixed activities: WIRE-TAPPING, PHONE-BLGGING, DOUBLE-DEALING, BAIL-JUMPING, and GERRY-MANDER NG

As usual, each candidate for a trophy will make a 20 minute speech at the end of each event. They will be judged on how well they can talk without saying anything!

NOTE: Because of an error in calculation, 18 feet of the tape at the Finish Line is missing!

MAFIA MEN SYNDICATE TOURNAMENTS

- * Cop Bribing
- * Horse-Head Chopping
- * Cheek Kissing
- * Eye Gouging
- * Fee Extorting
- * Auto Bombing

A competitive series of athletic games consisting of QUAIL SHOOTING, LOOT FENCING, SHIVV THROWING and RUM RUNNING. Water sports will include CEMENT DUMPING and FLOATING UP-SIDE DOWN in the EAST RIVER. The highlight of the day will be a real TUG 'O WAR.

A zoo-yard LAST MILE WALK will be used to eliminate all losers. Decision of the judges is final since they are all bought.

Because of the highly competitive nature of the participants, all contestants will be grouped in "families."





DOCTORS MEDICAL MARATHON

- * Fee Splitting
- * Specialist Recommending
- * Hypodermic Jabbing
- * Absence Note Writing
- * Acupuncture Discrediting
- * Pain Inflicting

Contest hours are from 12 to 2 daily. No games will be played on Wednesdays, as that is when the contestants play golf.

Any contestant who is unable to perform can refer another contestant in his place. The prize will then be split between the two.

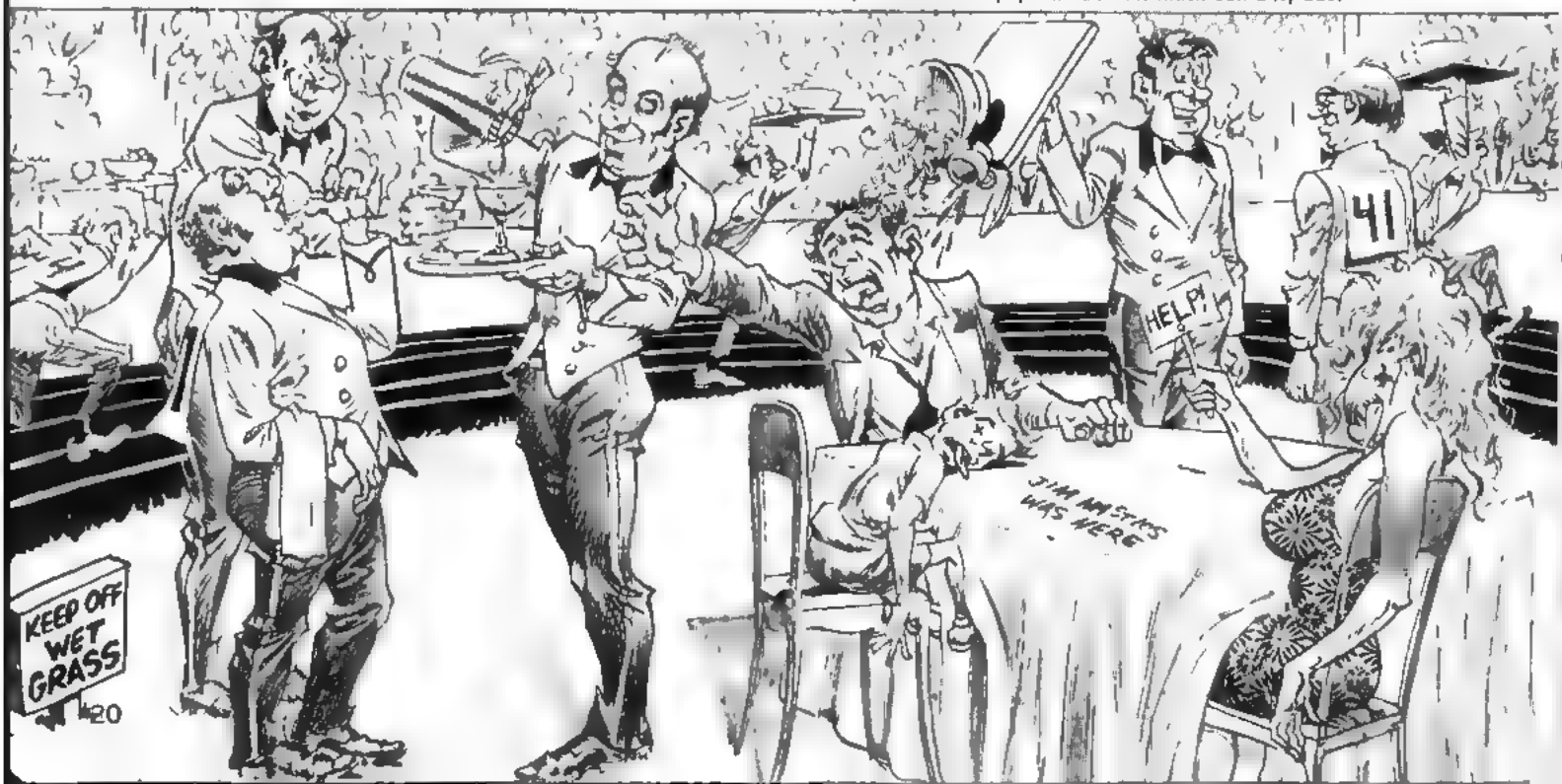
Amateur and professional contestants from all over the world compete in a series of physical games from TELEPHONE DIAGNOSING to MEDICAIRE PADDING. Each game will have a series of operations, many unnecessary. The high spot of the field events is the 15 lb. shot-put (in each other's arms).

WAITERS FIELD GYMNASTICS

- * Broken Field Walking
- * Soup Spilling
- * Bill Padding
- * Customer Ignoring
- * Busboy Hollering
- * Table Stacking

A whole regatta full of gymnastics including the MEAGER TIP THROW-BACK, the CUSTOMER ORDER MIX-UP, and the SASSY TALK SPIEL. The final event is the 16 lb. SALAMI SHOT PUT, thrown over a high bar made of chopped liver. The winner will get his or her pick of the best tables on display.

A CLICHÉ SPOUTING COMPETITION will also be held to see which contestant says the following lines the most number of times in a given hour: "Sorry, this isn't my table..." "Take it easy, I only got two hands," and the ever popular "So how much can a fly eat?"





GRAND PARENTS SENILE STEEPLECHASE

- * Cane Vaulting
- * Checker Playing
- * Operation-Reminiscing
- * False Teeth Cleaning
- * Lace Crocheting
- * Family Meeting

Senior Citizen activities include the 100-METER LIMP to the park bench, the 50 MINUTE NAP on the living room sofa, and the 10 YARD DASH to the lavatory every few minutes. The highlight is a giant PORCH SITTING CONTEST to see who can rock the most times on a rocking chair.

All contestants will be given ample time to show snapshots of their grandchildren to the others between games.

SMALL KIDS JAMBOREE JUNIOR

- * Nose Running
- * Nap Taking
- * Room Messing
- * Belly Aching
- * Lollipop Sucking
- * Sibling Fighting

Itinerary features such diverse contests as THROWING the TANTRUM to seeing how far you can spit up. For infants, there is the perennial 5 METER CRAWL and the exciting LOW JUMP. Both boys and girls will then take part in the special duo activities such as, PIGTAIL PULLING, HEAD BOPPING, and the popular crowd-pleaser, DOCTOR PLAYING.



Bless Our Press Section

Governments invariably disdain bad news events for fear of their effect on the public. Simultaneously, they encourage "good" news since it puts a glow on their administration. Recent examples of sensitive government officials trying to tell the news media how to do its job got us to thinking about how we take our free press for granted, and ...

HOW PAST EVENTS MIGHT HAVE BEEN REPORTED WITH A GOVERNMENT-CONTROLLED PRESS

HOW THE NEWS WAS REPORTED. DEC. 17, 1773

angry Bostonians dress as indians, dump 342 chests of tea into harbor

action viewed as retaliation for oppressive British tea tax



angry colonists toss tea into harbor

HOW A CROWN-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT. DEC. 17, 1773

Jovial Bostonians Hold Gala Seaboard Masquerade

Boston—A jolly ship-board prank was viewed by all as a harmless release for today's exuberant fun-loving youth. The genial carnival atmosphere surrounding the event prompted some officials into thinking of holding a similar Mardi-Gras type festival each year.



PAUL REVERE takes first prize for his imaginative Mohawk costume.

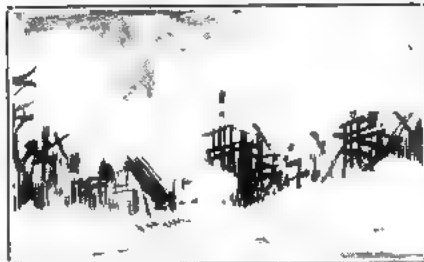
HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

OCT. 9, 1871

CHICAGO MERCURY EXTRA: MASSIVE FIRE WIPE OUT CHICAGO

Building and livestock damage set at \$196 million.

Blaze traced to cow kicking over lantern



Sketch of Holocaust

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

CHICAGO MERCURY EXTRA: HUGE REDEVELOPMENT HITS CHICAGO

Slums eradicated over night. Disease-ridden area no longer poses problem, mayor says

CHICAGOANS ENJOY WARM RESPITE FROM COLD WEATHER

Chicago—Chicagoans took advantage of the unusual y warm weather to view what had to be the world's largest outdoor barbecue of cattle.

PREDICT BIG BUILDING BOOM FOR CHICAGO

CHICAGO—The Mayor and other city officials today announced...

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

JUNE 25, 1876

GENERAL CUSTER'S TROOPS MASSACRED BY SIOUX AT LITTLE BIG HORN

Little Big Horn—The sixth cavalry was wiped out to a man in a clash with Sioux Indians. General George Armstrong Custer and his 400-man cavalry force ran into an Indian...

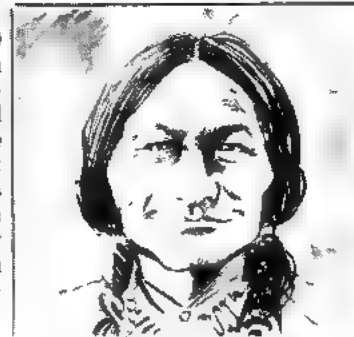


Chief Sitting Bull in Charge of Attack

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

LITTLE BIG HORN LEADS AS NATION'S NO. 1 RETIREMENT HOME FOR MILITARY PERSONNEL

Little Big Horn over 400 soldiers of the Seventh Cavalry including General Custer himself, decided en masse to choose Little Big Horn as a permanent retirement home. Promises by local Sioux developers of a well stocked, happy hunting ground had much to do with the cavalrymen's decision and...



Chief Sitting Bull in charge of Local Welcome Wagon

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

FEB. 26, 1913

INCOME TAX TO BE LEVIED ON AMERICANS

16th AMENDMENT RATIFIED

Washington—Many citizens view the new tax on income with alarm. Critics believe the measure gives impetus for a strong, centralized government that would usurp the powers of local government.

TARGET OF NEW LAW



HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

GOVERNMENT LAUNCHES BRILLIANT CRIME-FIGHT MEASURE



Washington—The nation's criminals face bleak times ahead. Through a novel income tax plan, the government hopes to drain off excess income from its citizens thereby leaving slim pickings for members of the underworld.

BIG STICK HAS CRIME ON THE RUN

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED



DAILY BLUES



OCT. 25, 1929

HYSTERIA SWEEPS WALL STREET

**BROKERS
LEAP
TO SUICIDE IN
FINANCIAL
PANIC**

**240 ISSUES
LOSE
\$15 BILLION
IN VALUE**



EX-MILLIONAIRE J.P. GETROCKS III REDUCED TO SELLING APPLES

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

CLEVELAND PAIN DEALER

DEC. 12, 1931

DEPRESSION UNEMPLOYMENT AT ALL-TIME HIGH

**UNEMPLOYMENT
RATE HITS 25%**

**MILLIONS
ON
BREAD
LINES**



SHANTY TOWN COMMON DEPRESSION SIGHT

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

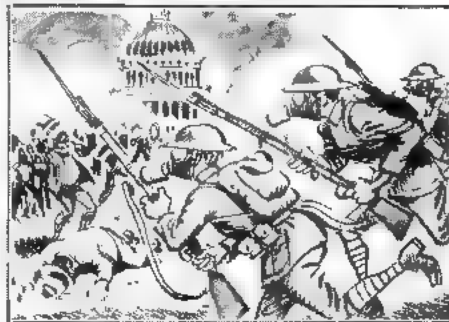
WASHINGTON PEST

JULY 28, 1932

BONUS ARMY FLARE-UP IN NATION'S CAPITAL

**BITTER
WORLD WAR I
VETERANS
DEMAND
CONGRESS
PAY THEM
THEIR BONUS**

**REGULAR ARMY
USED TO
DRIVE VETS
OUT OF THEIR
ENCAMPMENT**



SOLDIERS WITH GAS MASKS FORCE VETS OUT OF MAKE-SHIFT SHACKS

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT



DAILY BLUES

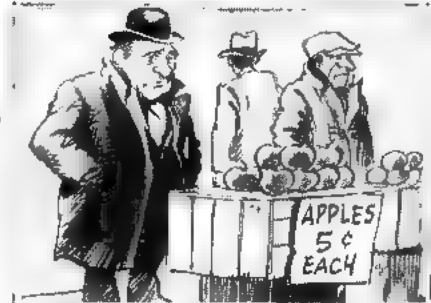


OCT. 25, 1929

BARGAIN TIME ON WALL STREET

**DRASTIC PRICE
REDUCTIONS IN
QUALITY
BLUE CHIP
STOCKS SEEN AS
INDUCEMENT
TO "GIVE
THE LITTLE GUY"
THE CHANCE AT
A PIECE OF THE
ACTION**

Would-Be Investors
urged to hurry. Sale
may be withdrawn
at any time



MILLIONAIRE J.P. GETROCKS III, IN PUBLICITY PHOTO DEMONSTRATES STOCKS ARE NOW ALMOST AS CHEAP AS APPLES

HOW A GOV'T CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

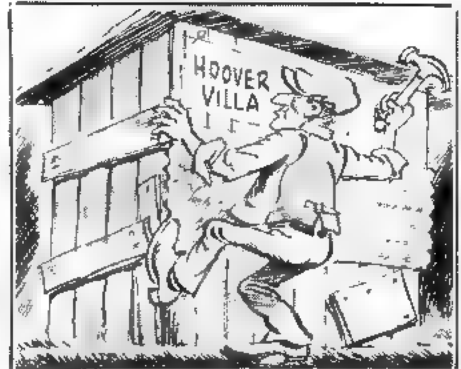
CLEVELAND PAIN DEALER

DEC. 12, 1931

LEISURE TIME ACTIVITIES HIT RECORD HIGH

**WHO SAYS
AMERICANS
DON'T KNOW
HOW TO
RELAX?**

**HOBBY BOOM
REACHES
UNPRECEDENTED
LEVELS**



HOBBYIST BUILDS HOUSE OUT OF TIN CANS

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE REPORTED IT

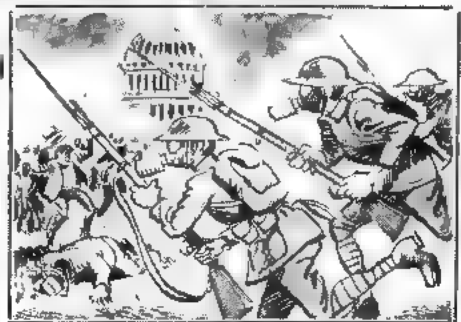
WASHINGTON PEST

JULY 28, 1932

VETERANS ON NOSTALGIC KICK

**VETS REENACT
FAMOUS BATTLE
OF WORLD WAR I**

Traveling down
memory lane,
fun-loving World
War I veterans
today reenacted
some of the
famous battles
of World War I
with the help of
regular army
troops stationed
in Washington



VETS AND ARMY CLASH IN BATTLE REENACTMENT

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

★★★★★ DAILY BLAH FINAL

DEC. 8, 1941

JAPANESE ATTACK PEARL HARBOR

OUR PACIFIC FLEET DESTROYED IN SNEAK ATTACK

MILITARY CAUGHT WITH PANTS DOWN

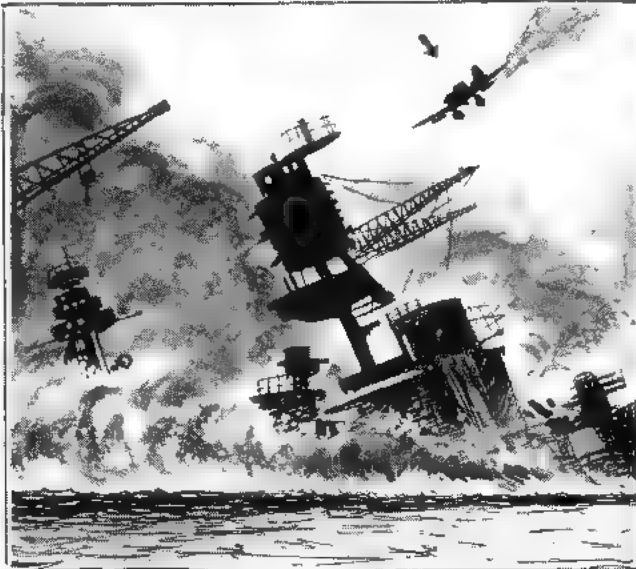


PHOTO SHOWS 7th FLEET IN RUINS AT PEARL HARBOR
ARROW POINTS TO ONE OF THE FEW JAPANESE AIRCRAFT
SHOT DOWN ON THE SUNDAY RAID OF DEC. 7th

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS MIGHT HAVE
REPORTED THE EVENT

★★★★★ DAILY BLAH FINAL

DEC. 8, 1941

NAVY LAUNCHES MODERNIZATION PLAN

Pearl Harbor--To meet the demands of modern warfare, the U.S. Navy decided to scrap its antiquated Pacific fleet of 86 ships. The Japanese Armed Forces were lured into destroying the American fleet at absolutely no expense to the U.S. Government



PHOTO ABOVE SHOWS STILL ANOTHER JAPANESE AIRCRAFT
BITING THE DUST AT THE HANDS OF OUR EVER-ALERT FORCES

HOW THE NEWS EVENT WAS REPORTED

DEMOCRATIC HQ. BURGLARIZED

TOP WHITE HOUSE OFFICIALS INVOLVED IN PLANNING

MASSIVE COVER-UP INVOLVES FBI

Republican Campaign Money
Used As Hush Money for
Wiretappers and Burglars

Washington--This town was rocked with further
revelations about the doings of...

HOW A GOV'T-CONTROLLED PRESS RELEASE
DID REPORT THE EVENT



Everyone has his or her own favorite sport. Some people love the excitement of golf (where you hit a dumb ball 200 yards and then spend two hours walking around trying to find it), while others like the challenge of football, tennis, or kick the can. Well, now it's time to spotlight another sport ... one where you can actually roll your money away, as we take ...

A CRACKED LOOK AT A BOWLING ALLEY



Hey, Frankie, have you ever seen such a good form?

Never!

NOTICE
TO AVOID SERIOUS
ACCIDENTS PLEASE
REMOVE ALL SWOLLEN
THUMBS.
THE MANAGEMENT

I'm sorry, but
I can't wear these
bowling shoes
either.

Too
tight?

No, they
clash with
the slacks
I'm wearing.

Fore!

Here's your
hot fudge,
bananas and beer,
sir.

Thanks! By the way,
has anyone ever told
you that you have
beautiful brown eyes.

Why,
no!

Well, then,
no sense
starting now.

I came down here
to win a few games and
take my frustrations
out.

But what
happens if
someone beats
you?

That's who I
usually take my
frustrations
out on.

Bartender, I'd
like a drink
to go with
this olive.

Do you realize
that these are
probably the only
alleys in America
where you won't
get mugged.

THE
LIVING
END

GET A
LONG
LITTLE
DOGIE
TRY OUR
ONE FOOT
SHOT DOG

MOONMAN WAS HERE

BE CAREFUL
YOU MIGHT
HIT A
BARTENDER

Don
ORENEK

The World

And the chances of 6" of snow tonight.

Honey, you'd better take the snow shovels out of the garage. We're supposed to get a lot of snow tonight.

It's not gonna snow



... windy and cold with 3' of snow in the forecast.

Honey, 3' of snow is scheduled for tonight.

Relax. Did it snow yesterday?



... high's in the 30's, fair and no chance of precipitation.

Honey, where are you going?

Out to the garage to get the snow shovels.



When the weatherman doesn't predict snow on a winter day, that's when you have to worry.



Harry, the snow plow just went by and blocked our driveway.

Oh great! I have to go to work!



Well, you'll have to shovel before you can get the car out.

Yeah. Yeah.



Hey kids, I'm in this snow bank. Do you think you can give me a little push?

Sure thing mister.



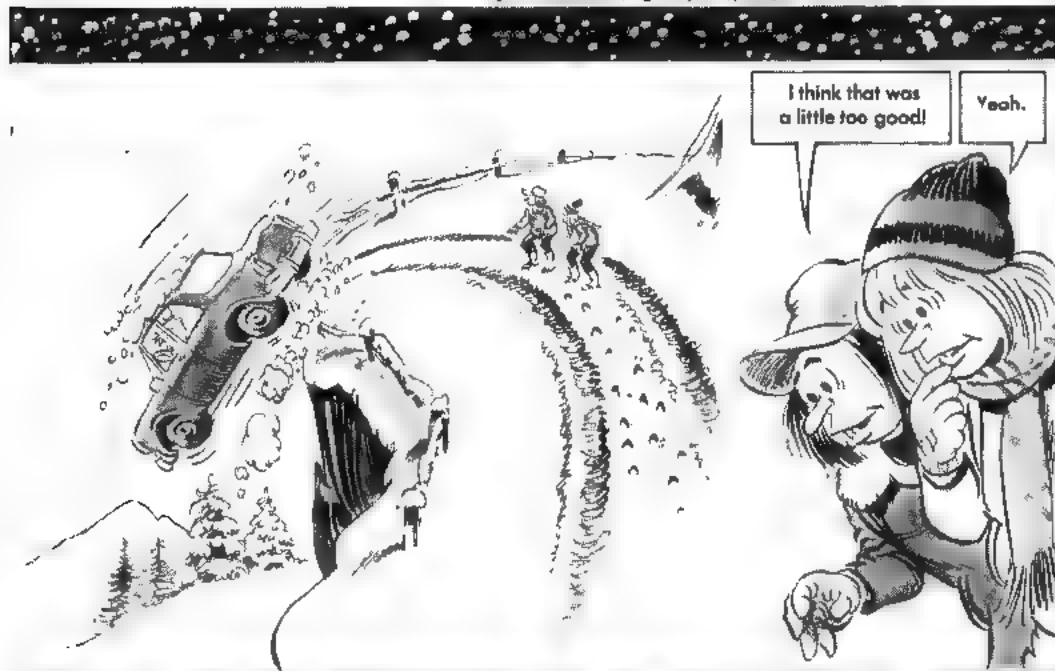
O.K., give me a good one.



One-two-three!

Sururi

RACKED of Snow



I think that was
a little too good!

Yeah.



Margaret, I do believe
you remember my son
Mark.

That's
little
Mark?



Gosh, last time I saw him he was skinny
as a rail. He's become so well rounded.



No ma'am.
Just well bundled.



Snow! Snow! Snow! I'm
freezing. I wish summer
would come back.

Sure...

This way you could
complain about "Heat!
Heat! Heat!"

WATCH FOR OUR
FIRE SALE
NEXT
WEEK!

ARSON
WANTED





Jh oh. The tail lights ahead of us just disappeared. Let me get out and check what happened.

Well George?

Remember the guy whose tail lights I've been following?

Yeah.

Well, we're in his driveway!



Your own private snow plow. Now that's class.

Yeah, Milton bought it because he was tired of shoveling or paying other people to shovel it for him.

THE DETROIT ASSEMBLY LINE



There's only one problem though.

So, what's the problem?

When the snow is on the ground, Milton goes crazy and plows everything out of the way.

Well, when the snow finally melts...



... Milton actually gets to see what he's plowed!



I don't understand how Richie can make snowballs so fast.

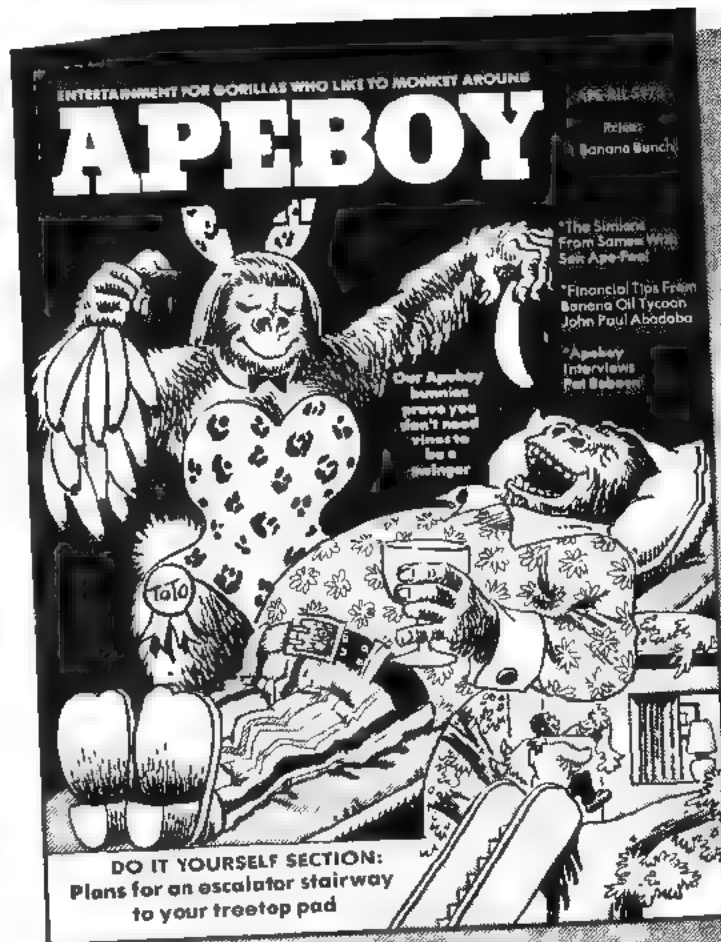
Jerry, never have a snowball fight with a rich kid.

Uh?

He buys his ammunition ready made.

Monkey Shines Section: The movies and TV series dealing with the Planet friends do with their spare time **CRACKED**

MAGAZINE OF PLANET



APE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

THREE FOOT CHIMPS MAKE CHUMPS OUT OF SEVEN-FOOT HUMANS



KONG-FU AND VINE SWINGING AS MAJOR SPORTS PG 36

COLLEGE FOOTBALL SCANDAL UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE APE RECRUITS POLES AS LINE MEN

SIMIAN CINEMA THRILLS

Fantastic Behind-The-Scenes Story of the Year's Biggest Box Office Smash

KONGO OF THE HUMANS

starring Marge & Gower Chimpon and Walter Apel



FORMER MONKEY STAR REVEALS: "I Worked For Peanuts... and enjoyed every minute of it."

WHO WILL WIN THIS YEARS BEST ACTING AWARDS?



CRACKED is buying the Brooklyn Bridge and asking to have it gift wrapped

of the Apes neglect to tell us what our primate
corrects the situation by reprinting these...


OVERS FROM OF THE APES

My Cold Lover— He goes bananas
only over bananas

APE LOVE CONFESSIONS

THE SHOCKING TRUTH
ABOUT TODAY'S YOUTH:
Instead of Eating Bananas
They're Smoking 'Em

Love Making Tips: How to
Keep From Breaking Your
Lover's Rib Cage While
Picking 'Em



LIFE SAVING TIPS: HOW TO MAKE YOUR PASSIONATE
APE BEAU KEEP BOTH FEET ON THE STEERING
WHEEL

GIRL GORILLA'S HOME Journal

Recipes For An Ape-etizing
Seven Course Meal To
Delight Your Simian Spouse

Homemaker
Zsa Zsa
Gibbon
models her
home-made
ape-rah

Consomme Banana
Banana Cutlet Saute
Valencianna
Banana Parmesan
French Fried Bananas
Taqitoos con Bananas
Tossed Banana Salad
Brandied Banana
Melba

FACIAL HAIRSTYLES
Hints from the World's
Most Charming Chimp
Chanteuse


LOSE WEIGHT
How to tip the scale at
a svelte 500 lbs.

SHOCKING STORY How property values plummeted when
humans moved into an exclusive gorilla neighborhood



THE MAGAZINE FOR GORILLA GAMESTERS

HUNTING and MARAUDING



*SHOOTING HUMANS
IS HUMANE—IT
TRIMS THE HERD

*THE TRUTH BEHIND
THE BLEEDING HEART
CHIMP MOVEMENT FOR
TOUGHER GUN CONTROL
LAWS

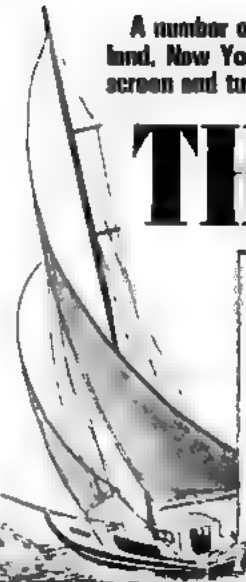
CAMPER TIPS ON PROTECTING
YOUR BANANAS FROM HUMANS
AND OTHER SCAVENGERS

EXCLUSIVE ON THE ARMY'S
NEW RED-BLOODED APE UNIT—
THE GORILLA GUERRILLAS

SEVERIN

A number of years ago F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote a book about a group of rich people living in a small community on Long Island, New York. His novel was heralded as a classic and now, decades later, Hollywood has adapted this great work for the screen and turned it into a movie entitled...

THE NOT SO GREAT GADSBY



As the sun dropped from the sky like a silver dollar into a piggy bank, I galloped across the sea to meet my cousin. I had just moved to Easter Egg next to a mysterious man known as Gadsby. In my younger and more formidable years my father had given me, Nic Caramel, some solid advice about good and bad. Despite that, I still accepted the part as narrator of this movie.

O.K., dock it up. Well Nic, old boy, you've finally come to see your cousin Lazy after all these years. What brings you here?

This boat.



Sururi

Nic, my love. You look as good as a thousand-dollar bill in a high interest account.

Lazy, I haven't seen you in ages. Still have the same hobby you had as a kid—collecting plants?

Sort of, only now, instead of cactus plants, I collect steel and chemical ones. Where are you living at present?

At Easter Egg on the North Shore. Next door to a man named Gadsby.

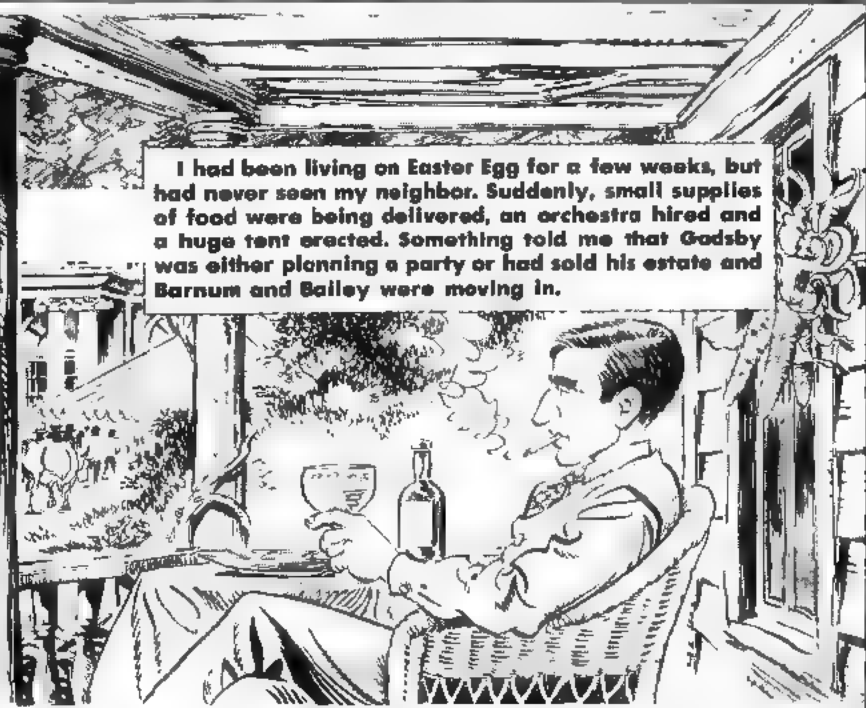
Jaye Gadsby!
JAYE GADSBY!
JAYE GADSBY!

Does the name mean anything to you?

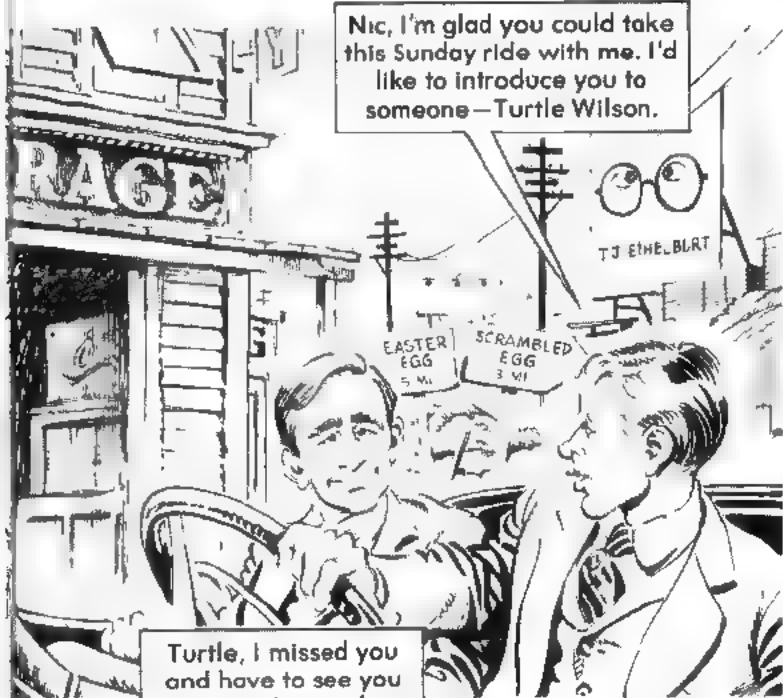
No.



I had been living on Easter Egg for a few weeks, but had never seen my neighbor. Suddenly, small supplies of food were being delivered, an orchestra hired and a huge tent erected. Something told me that Gadsby was either planning a party or had sold his estate and Barnum and Bailey were moving in.



Nic, I'm glad you could take this Sunday ride with me. I'd like to introduce you to someone—Turtle Wilson.



Turtle, I missed you and have to see you again. Hop on the downtown bus and switch to the "D" train where a bicycle will be waiting. Then ride down to 14th Street and hop the "E" train to 5th Avenue.

It sounds dangerous. Gorge might catch us.

Never! I've taken one other precaution to fool him.

When you arrive, I won't be there.



Hi.—Gorge, why don't you go to the store and buy some chairs for our guests. I don't think we have enough for all these people.

Hi Turtle. This is Nic.

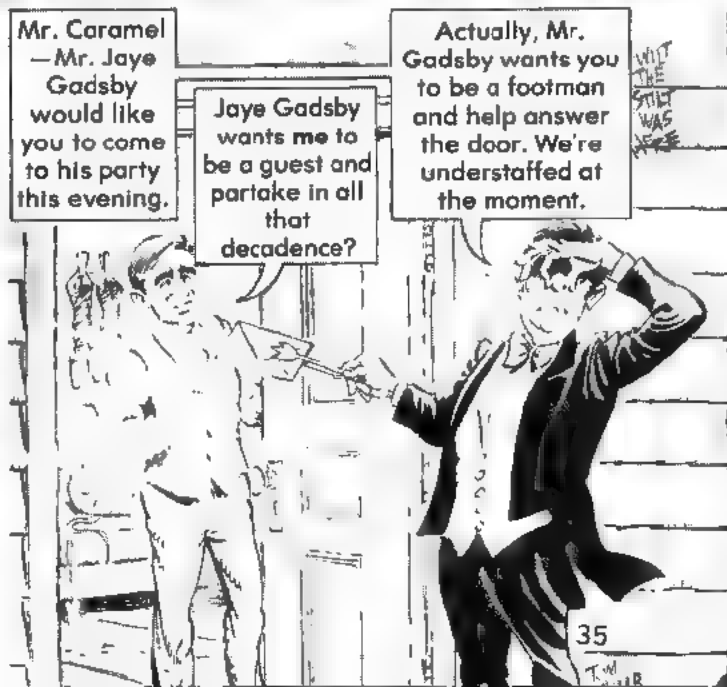
Sure honey.



Mr. Caramel—Mr. Jaye Gadsby would like you to come to his party this evening.

Jaye Gadsby wants me to be a guest and partake in all that decadence?

Actually, Mr. Gadsby wants you to be a footman and help answer the door. We're understaffed at the moment.





Isn't this divine Nic?

Does anyone ever get to see Gadsby?

Oh, he isn't here. He hates parties.

Then why does he throw them?

He used to be a garbage man and loves cleaning up.

Who is this Gadsby anyway?

I heard he made his millions selling holes to the swiss cheese industry.

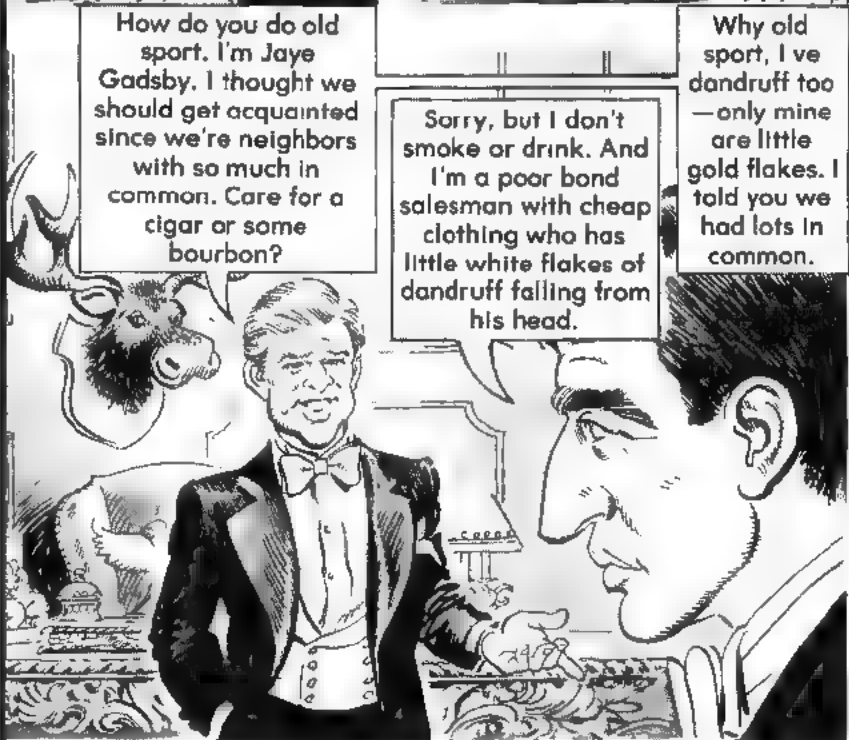
I understand he's Kaiser Wilhelm's sister.

I heard he got this mansion saving trading stamps.

I heard he made a fortune on non-flammable matches

I thought he was Robert Redford?

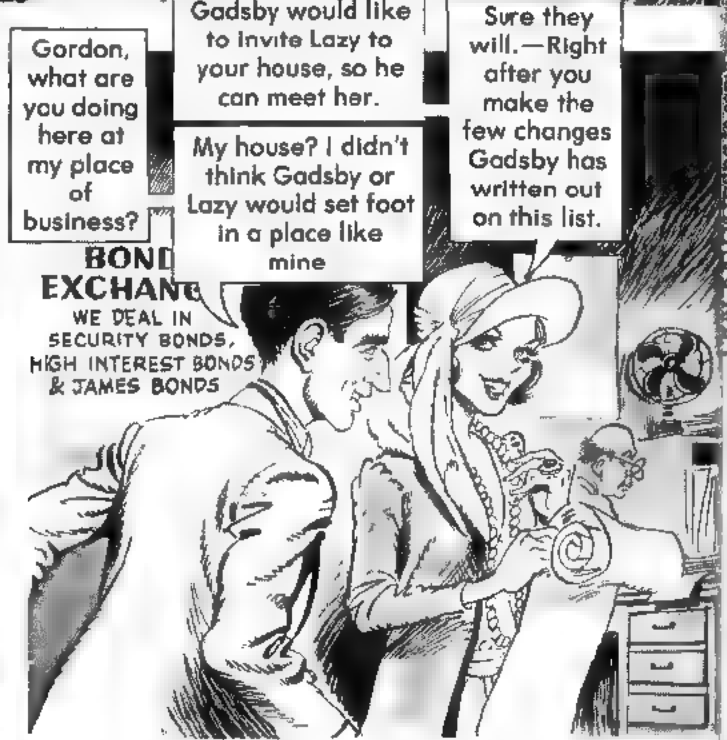
Mr. Caramel— Mr. Gadsby would like to see you.



How do you do old sport. I'm Jaye Gadsby. I thought we should get acquainted since we're neighbors with so much in common. Care for a cigar or some bourbon?

Sorry, but I don't smoke or drink. And I'm a poor bond salesman with cheap clothing who has little white flakes of dandruff falling from his head.

Why old sport, I've dandruff too —only mine are little gold flakes. I told you we had lots in common.



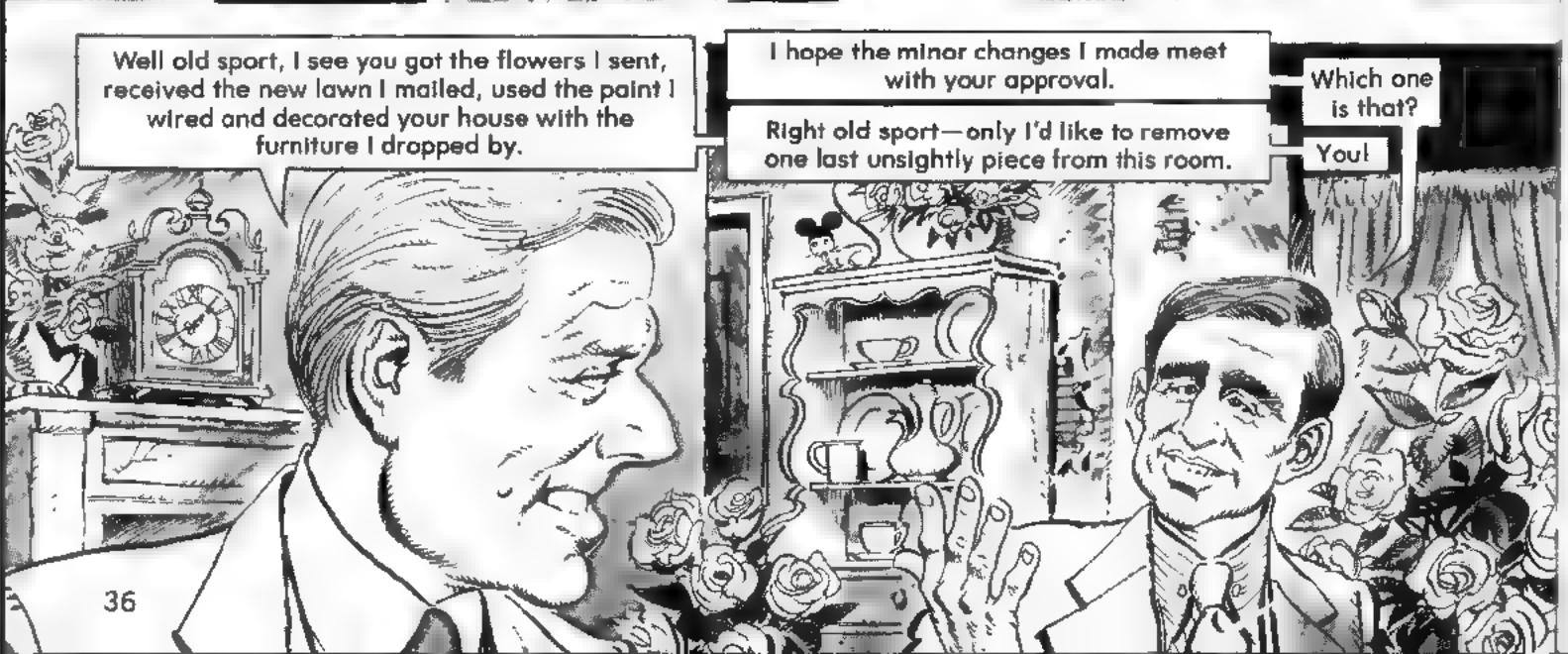
Gordon, what are you doing here at my place of business?

Gadsby would like to invite Lazy to your house, so he can meet her.

My house? I didn't think Gadsby or Lazy would set foot in a place like mine

Sure they will. —Right after you make the few changes Gadsby has written out on this list.

BOND EXCHANGE
WE DEAL IN
SECURITY BONDS,
HIGH INTEREST BONDS
& JAMES BONDS



Well old sport, I see you got the flowers I sent, received the new lawn I mailed, used the paint I wired and decorated your house with the furniture I dropped by.

I hope the minor changes I made meet with your approval.

Right old sport —only I'd like to remove one last unsightly piece from this room.

Which one is that?

You!

CHARLES is trying to come up with funny marginal lines on every page.



Nic!
What a lovely
dump
you
have.

Thank you
and how are
you?
Rich as usual
and I just
happened to
- Gadsby?
Gadsby?
GADSBY!

Do you
know Jaye
Gadsby?
J.J.I
Pumpkin!
Cuddles!
Cutes!

Oh
that's
right—
you
never
heard
of him



Jaye.
It's
been
so
long.

Come Lazy, let's
leave this closet
and I'll show you
around my big
house.

Fine, but first may I
ask why you're
standing so far away
from me? Is it to
avoid kissing me?

No, it's to
avoid
smelling
you. Spray
deodorants
haven't
been
invented
yet.



Why Jaye, this
room is
enormous.
It's average

For a bathroom?
Where's the
shower?
Straight ahead
half a mile.



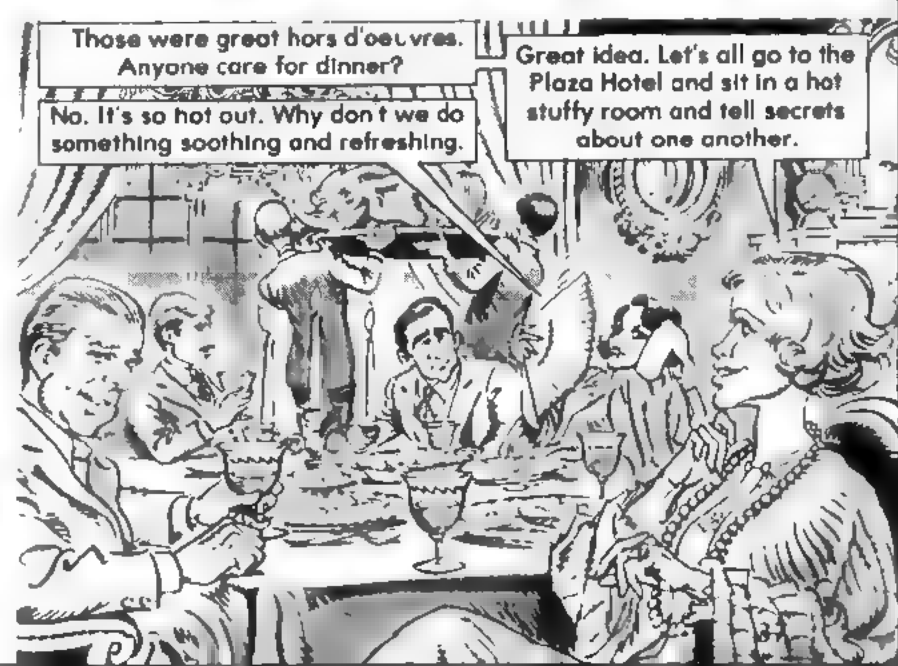
Lazy, I've
always
loved
you. Why
did you
get
married
instead of
waiting
for me?

It's hard to put my
finger on, but it had to
do with the last gift
both you and Tom gave
me as a final bid for my
hand
I gave you \$23 in oysters.

He gave me
\$350,000 in
pearls.
Yeah, but
why did
you
choose
him over
me?



Jaye, I have to leave now, but do
come to dinner tomorrow. I'm sure
my husband would just adore
meeting the man I'm secretly in
love with.



Those were great hors d'oeuvres.
Anyone care for dinner?
No. It's so hot out. Why don't we do
something soothing and refreshing.

Great idea. Let's all go to the
Plaza Hotel and sit in a hot
stuffy room and tell secrets
about one another.



All right, who has an interesting story to tell?

Dom—your wife and I are in love with one another and she wants a divorce to marry me. She's never loved you.

I can't take it—I'm leaving

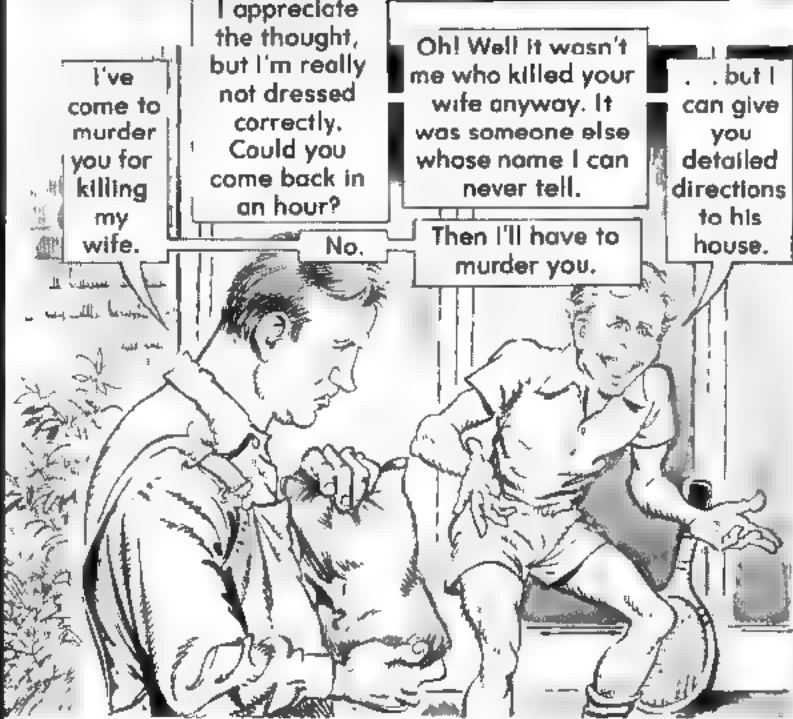
That's good for a start—any other stories?

We all left the hotel and later that evening Dom discovered:

What's going on here?

Turtle Wilson was just killed instantly when she was crushed against the left fender of a Rolls Royce.

That's disgusting. I thought Turtle had more respect for money than to abuse a Rolls like that.



I've come to murder you for killing my wife.

I appreciate the thought, but I'm really not dressed correctly. Could you come back in an hour?

No.

Oh! Well it wasn't me who killed your wife anyway. It was someone else whose name I can never tell.

Then I'll have to murder you.

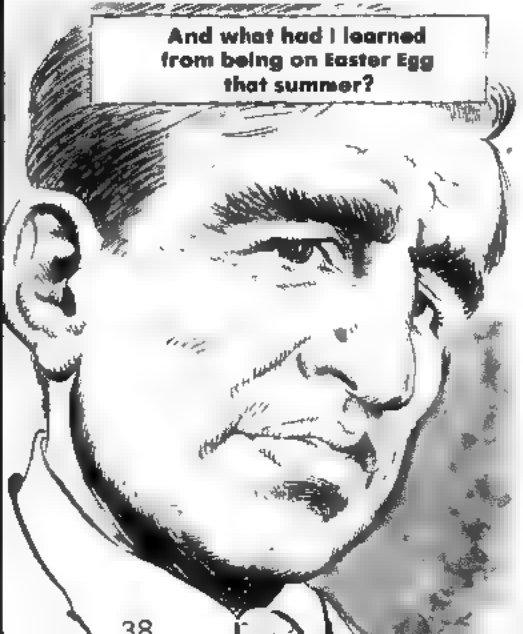
...but I can give you detailed directions to his house.



CRACK!
That fatal afternoon came. Gorge crept behind the house as Gadsby was taking a swim. He raised the gun and fired as a realization jumped into Gadsby's head—one that would stick with him forever.



First Butch Cassidy, then The Sting—why can't I ever live at the end of a movie!



And what had I learned from being on Easter Egg that summer?

Gadsby's murder—that has to be the crime of the ages.

No, I think the real crime is the people who spent 6.5 million dollars on this movie to show how decadent America is and the people who spent \$3.00 to see it, instead of giving all that money to them.

YEAH!



Have you taken a good look around lately? Oh, you haven't. Well, why don't you do that for a few seconds and then we'll get back to this introduction . . . Finished? Good. Now tell us, didn't you observe some pretty silly things going on? You didn't? Well then you didn't look hard enough because when we looked around we found so many absurdities that we couldn't help putting them together into one article aptly called . . .

The Ridiculous Things of Life

WARD

Triple locking all your doors and then leaving the key so that your cleaning lady can get in.



Demanding hot pizza and then not eating it until it cools down.



Using a spray deodorant daily, but taking a shower only once a month.



Buying a \$90.00 duck-down jacket and then walking around with it unzipped.



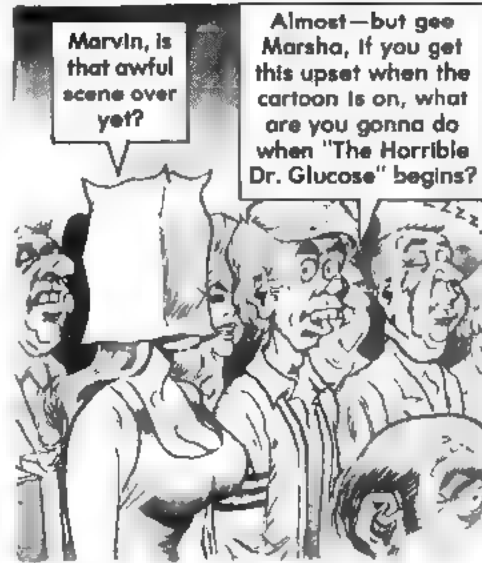
Having 20/100 vision, but refusing to wear glasses because they make you look funny.



Thinking a rabbit's foot will always bring you good luck.



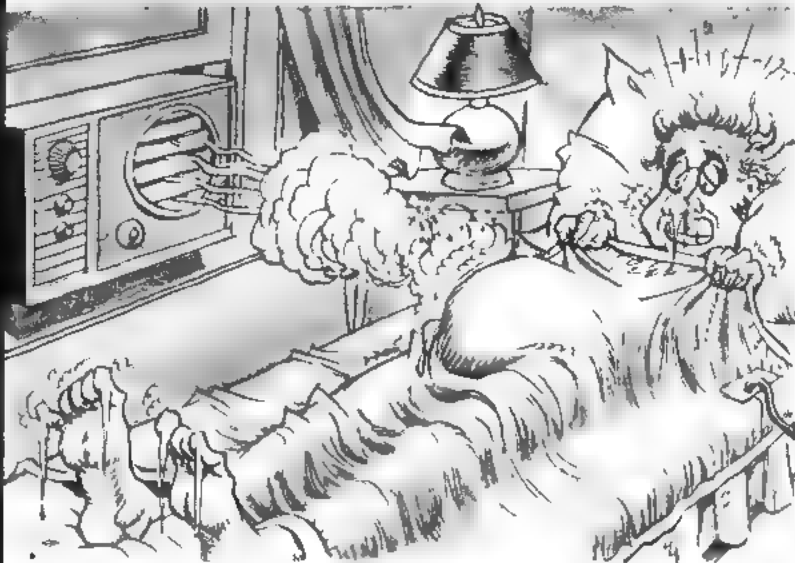
Going to a horror movie and then covering your eyes throughout the whole thing.



Buying a color T.V. and then watching nothing but black and white reruns.



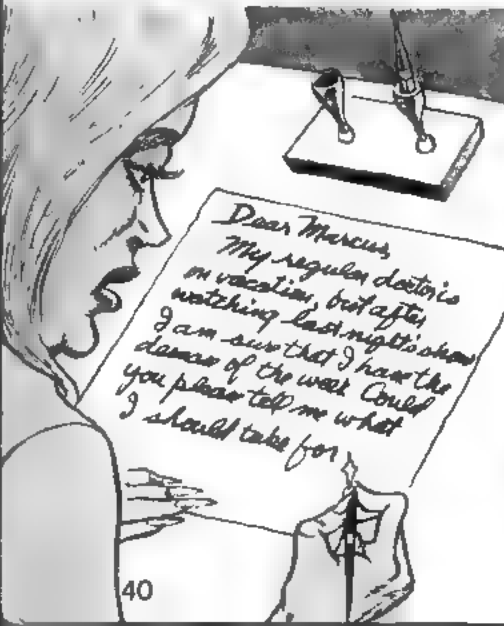
Sleeping under an electric blanket because the air conditioner is too cold.



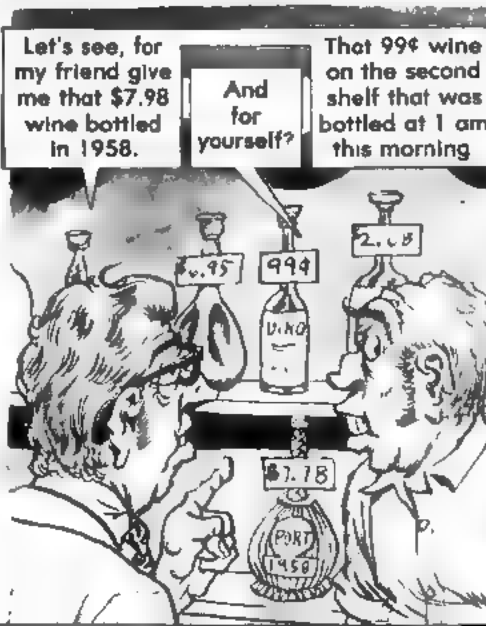
Going to the beach, smearing yourself with suntan lotion and then sitting under an umbrella all day.



Writing Marcus Welby to ask him what he recommends for a liver infection.



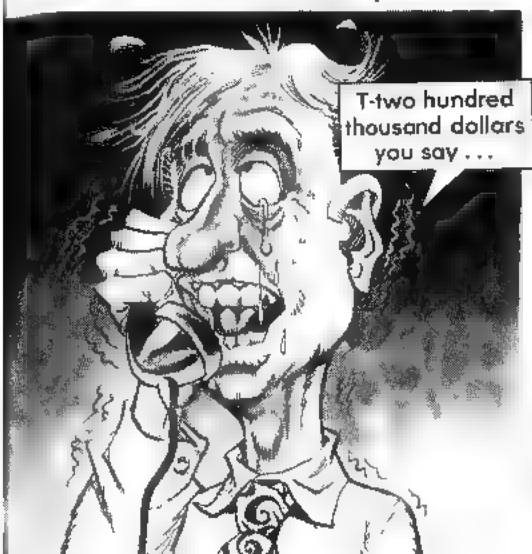
Buying yourself cheap wine, but a friend, good wine, to impress him.



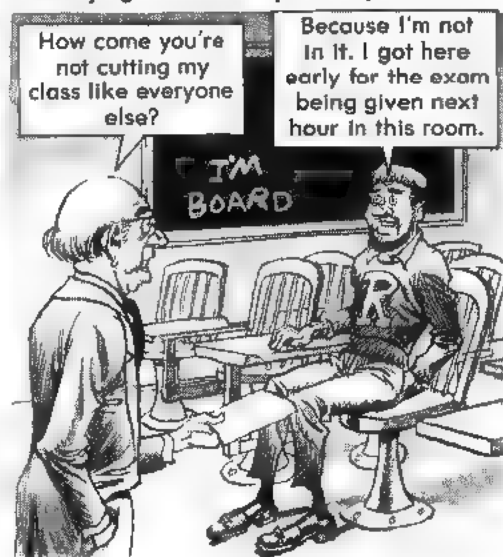
Wearing a mink coat in Miami.



Giving an Irish Sweepstakes ticket to your brother-in-law for his birthday.



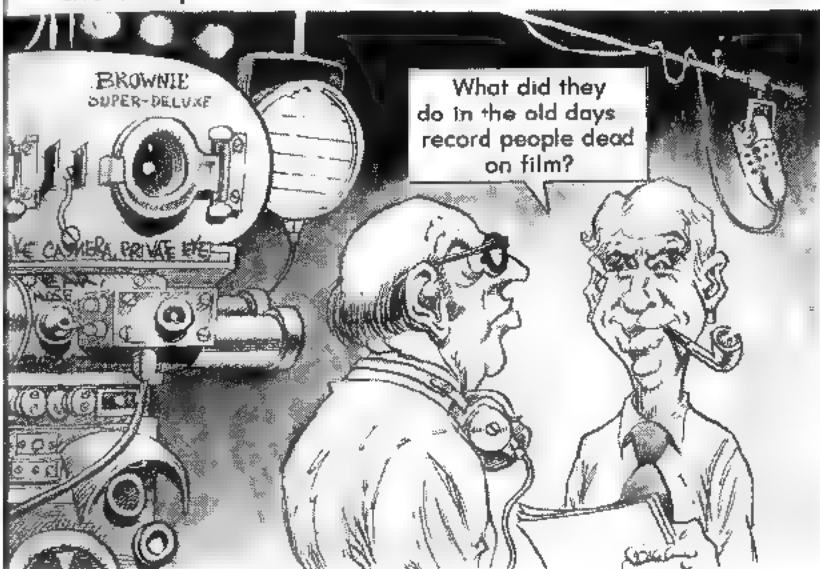
Spending \$84 a credit for college and then trying to cut every class you can.



Eating thin spaghetti because you're on a diet.



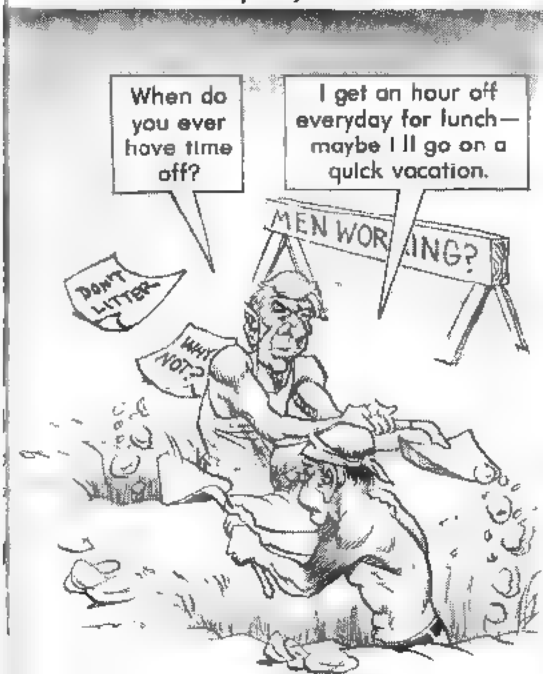
Hearing networks say that a program was recorded "Live on Tape."



Washing your garbage pails.



Working three, eight-hour jobs, so you can have extra money on your time off.



Buying new furniture and then not allowing anyone to sit on it.



CRACKED!



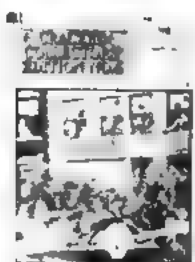
THE CRACKED BOOKSTORE

SALE!

NEW SELECTIONS!

WHILE THEY LAST!

**ORDER NOW!
CHAOS LATER!**



CRACKED ANNUALS
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

Please send me the Annuals I have checked. Enclosed is which includes the total price of my selections PLUS 25¢ mailing and handling charge for each selection

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| GIANT CRACKED #9 | 75¢ |
| GIANT CRACKED #10 | 75¢ |
| KING SIZED CRACKED #8 | 75¢ |
| THOSE CRACKED MONSTERS | 50¢ |
| CRACKED GOES WEST | 50¢ |
| THE CRACKED GANGSTER GALLERY | 50¢ |

REMEMBER—Add 25¢ mailing and handling charge for EACH selection you have made

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

"What's black and white and read all over?" Answer: A newspaper. That, dear friends, is one of the oldest jokes going that we would never think of using. However, if we were going to make use of it, we would do so only if the next article coming up were entitled

CRACKED

Interviews the NEWSPAPER KING

Greetings all you loyal CRACKED readers. This is Nanny Dickering again and this month I'm visiting with Mr. Harry Granit owner and publisher of one of the biggest newspaper chains in the country.

Good afternoon Mr. Granit

Hi there Nanny - Listen before we get started, where's that big scoop you said you had for me?

Scoop? Oh yes - right here

POWERS

That's it? I can see why you're working for CRACKED instead of me.

DEWEY WINS



I understand that the object of your chain is to own every newspaper in the country.

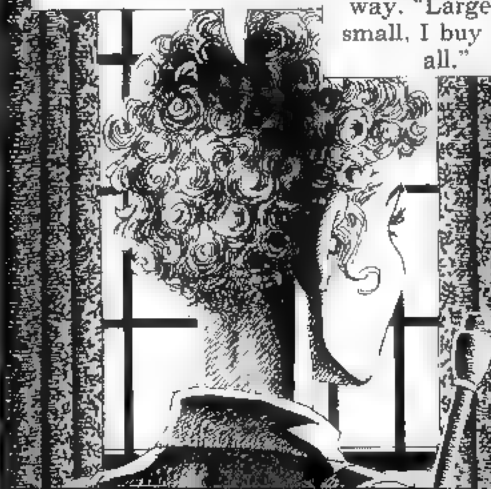
That's correct - and we're on our way. "Large and small, I buy them all."

Clever motto. What's the latest paper you're trying to acquire?

I don't think I've ever heard of that one.

"The Howard Road Gazette"

Wait - I have a picture of their main office right here.



Today you work like a horse to eat like a bird.

As you can see they're one of America's smaller dailies.

I'll say!

MICHAEL MUSELLA
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ANDY AND
JOSH BERG
CHAMPS

KODAK SAFETY FILM

Tell me sir, do you think that a reporter should have to reveal a secret source?

Never! Does Chef Boy-ar-dee reveal the secret of HIS sauce?

Getting more specific, exactly how does a newspaper work?

Well first we... look instead of me telling you, why don't I just show you since we're here in the offices of one of my finer papers—
"The Oyster Bay Guardian Angel."

First, the editor assigns a reporter a good story.

Ah Rodrigues, we've got nothing for the lead story on page one. Do you think your wife would mind mugging the mayor for us again?

Sure thing Mrs. Sleet.

TIME WILL HEAL ALL WOUNDS BUT IT DOES NOTHING FOR WRINKLES!

EDITOR

BRAGG OF MRS. SLEET

Once the story is covered, the reporter then comes back to the office and bats the article out on a typewriter.

Then the story is revised and edited

Mrs. Sleet, don't you think you changed my story a little bit too much?

Rodrigues, you did write this word.

And I don't like the idea of doubling the number of people arrested. It's twisting the facts.

Nonsense—that's called adding color to the story

BASH!

YOU TO BURGALARISE A BIG
THAT WAS BECAUSE ONE
AND ONLY JUST DOLLER
THE LAST BODY
HUNG DOWN
THE GOSPEL
THE WITNESSES TO
BY STRANGULATION
READERS WHO HAD
"CRACKED WERE IN
THE DRAIN.
ATTORNEY WENT
TO NAME EACH
WIKTY OF TWO
NAME.

CRACKED is deciding to swim the Atlantic Ocean, making it half way, then getting tired and turning around to swim back.

Once all the stories are in, the editor and the layout people decide where everything is to go on the page. Occasionally, there is a difference in opinion.

Mrs. Sleet, either we give the election story a 48 pt. headline or Nana here gets it.

Calm down Mr. Pleyer.

POST NO TOASTIES

Then it's sent off to our print shop and voila you get this.

Mr. Grant, I can barely read that everything is misspelled.

Well occasionally you do get a typographical error or two.



Is it hard getting on to the staff of one of your papers?

Not really. Right now we're seeking people with only moderate knowledge of the field.

I noticed that. That man there was turned down. Inexperienced?

Slightly. He's only had one job in his whole life

I can see where that could limit him. Where did he work?

"The New York Times."

Really! What did he do there?

He owned it.



Is any of the news in your paper ever slanted one way or the other?

Only when the typesetter has had one too many.

In here is our advertising department.

I've read that even in the roughest of times, the number of ads in your papers continues to climb.

That's correct and it's all due to our great staff.

They're real professionals, huh?

No, they're real blackmailers - look...

I GOT MY JOB THROUGH THE OYSTER BAY GUARDIAN ANGEL



READ THE ANGELS CLASSIFIED

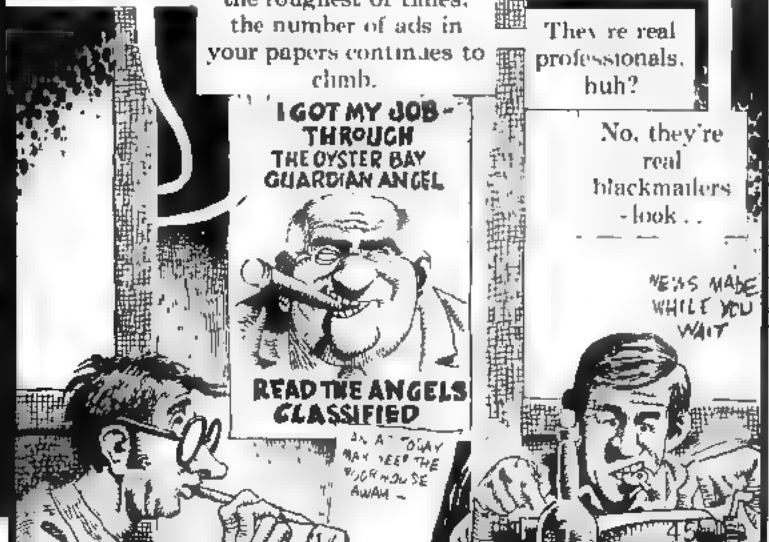
AN A-T-O-DAY MAY KEEP THE RICK HOUSE AWAY

NEWS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT

NOW WE'RE GETTING TO THE BOTTOM OF THINGS!



EYE GOT SOUL



45

Mr. Pinepark would your bank care to take out a full page ad in our paper?

I'm afraid not. We've completely exhausted our advertising budget.

Oh—well then I guess we'll just have to print the story we have here about your president's compulsive littering habit.

Ah miss, is it possible to get a double page ad instead of just a single?

UNSAID SOMETHING
YOU WISH YOU HADN'T
IS LIKE TRYING TO
UNRING A BELL
R A NIXON
NO GENIUS IS
GOOD NEWS

O.K.—editorial ideas. Rocky, you got one?

Yeah. I was on a picnic yesterday and a South American Crumdorf bug bit me. I think the paper should demand that the city spray every corner of the town to get rid of these pests. I don't wanna have to go out and spend \$2.00 for a can of bug spray on my own.

Gabriel?

I love to eat, but can't afford it anymore. Let's demand that food be given away free to everyone.

O.K., write 'em.

THEIR
MISTRESS'
VOICE

And now Miss Dickering I'd like to introduce you to one of the chain's top reporters—Mr. Bill Blair.

I've long admired your work sir.

I know

In fact, I've a letter from one of my readers who wanted me to ask you where you get the ideas for all the wonderful stories you write.

Genius Miss Dickering—creative genius.

Mr. Blair certainly has a large ego.

You noticed. What gave it away to you?

He charged me a quarter when I accidentally touched him.

HAPPINESS
IS
KNOWING
BILL BLAIR

throat and reported that it was the first piece of meat he had all year

Mr. Granit, don't you find that many newspapers blow many stories out of proportion.

Not in the least. We give hard news the space it deserves. Like today's headline.

WHAT'S THAT?

AN AD CAMPAIGN!

2+2=4 3+2=5
8+6=14 7+5=12
9+10=19 6+4=10



You're kidding. I didn't hear about that.

Happened just four hours ago. The president went out and got a whole new set of tires for the presidential limousine.

THE OYSTER BAY
GUARDIAN ANGEL

**PRESIDENT FORD
RETIRES!**

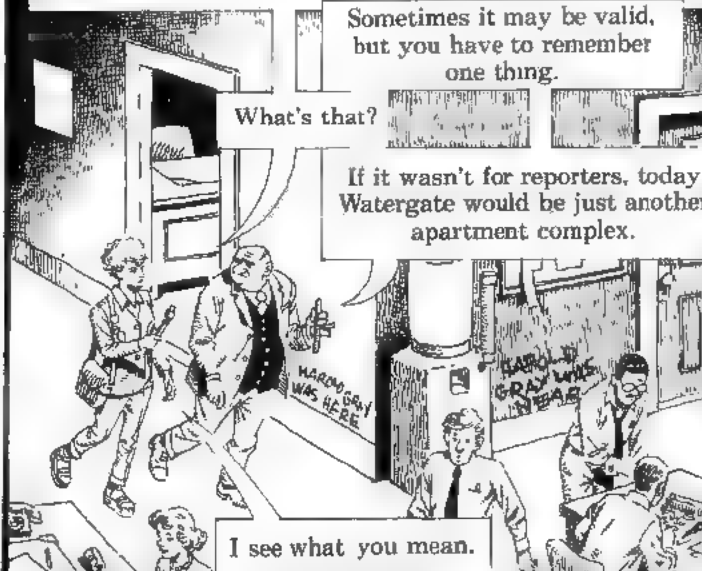


Mr. Granit, how do you feel about the attacks made by critics that news people are just after sensationalism—that they create the news as much as report it?

Sometimes it may be valid, but you have to remember one thing.

What's that?

If it wasn't for reporters, today Watergate would be just another apartment complex.



I see what you mean.

Well, if you'll excuse me—in 20 minutes I've a meeting with a newsprint company. As you know, there's a paper shortage and I'm in desperate need of more for my dailies.

What if you fail?



Then I'll use Plan B which will cut the size of all my papers down to only six pages a day.

With Plan B we only print good news.

What exactly happens that everything is reduced so drastically?

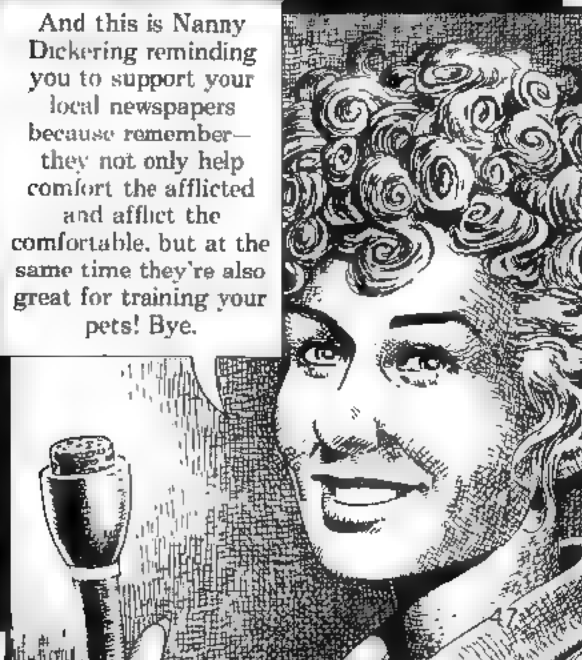
And this is Nanny Dickering reminding you to support your local newspapers because remember—they not only help comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable, but at the same time they're also great for training your pets! Bye.

HAROLD GRAY
WAS GREEN

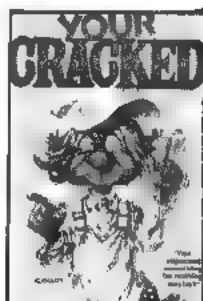
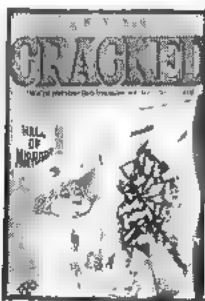
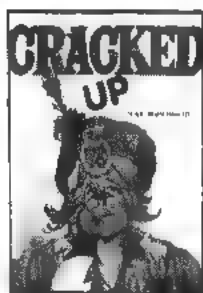
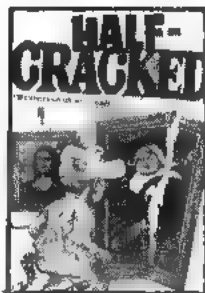
WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

I'M COVERING A STORY!!

CRACKED is walking into an antique store and asking, "What's new?"



HEY, YOU!



We've got what you're looking for—something to fill in those dull times between the regular issues of **CRACKED** and commercials. And don't forget, they really will fit in your pocket!

MAJOR MAGAZINES
235 Park Avenue South
New York, N.Y. 10003

Please send me the **CRACKED** paperbacks I have checked. I am enclosing the indicated price of each one plus 25¢ mailing and handling charge.

- ☐ **CRACKED UP**..... 95¢
- ☐ **HALF CRACKED**.... 75¢
- ☐ **GET ME CRACKED**.. 75¢
- ☐ **YOUR CRACKED**.... 95¢

Plus 25¢ each mailing charge.

..... \$ _____
Total..... \$ _____

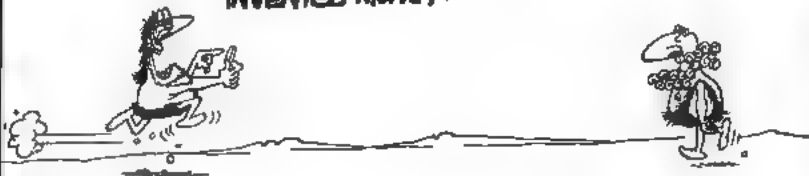
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
STATE..... ZIP.....

STANLEY

by Murray Ball

Continuing the adventures of the Great Palaeolithic Hero

"HEY GUS, I'VE
INVENTED MONEY!"



"A small, convenient tinker
to save carting about elephant tusks
and barrels of
money for
swapping..."



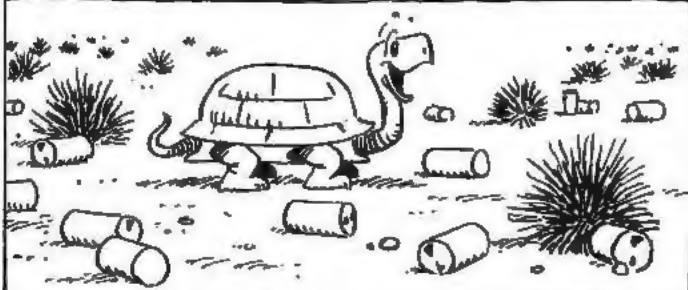
"That's a wonderful idea, Stanley!
All that is now required is to establish
its EXCHANGE RATE, its PARITY with gold, sterling
and the German mark. Whether
it should REVALUE, DEVALUE or
float to find its own level. And
how to maintain its VALUE in
the face of GALLOPING INFLATION..."



"I'd rather have
a pocket full of
mammoth tusks..."

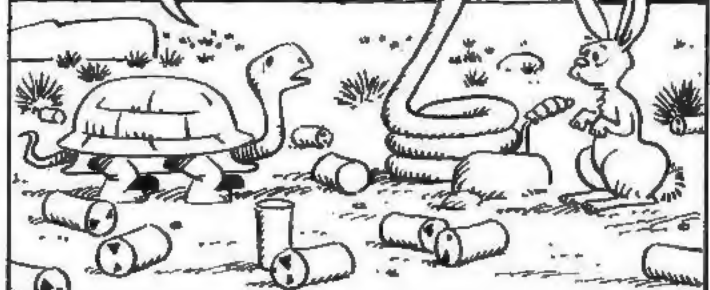


**YAHOO! WE HAVE THE
CULPRIT AT LAST!!**

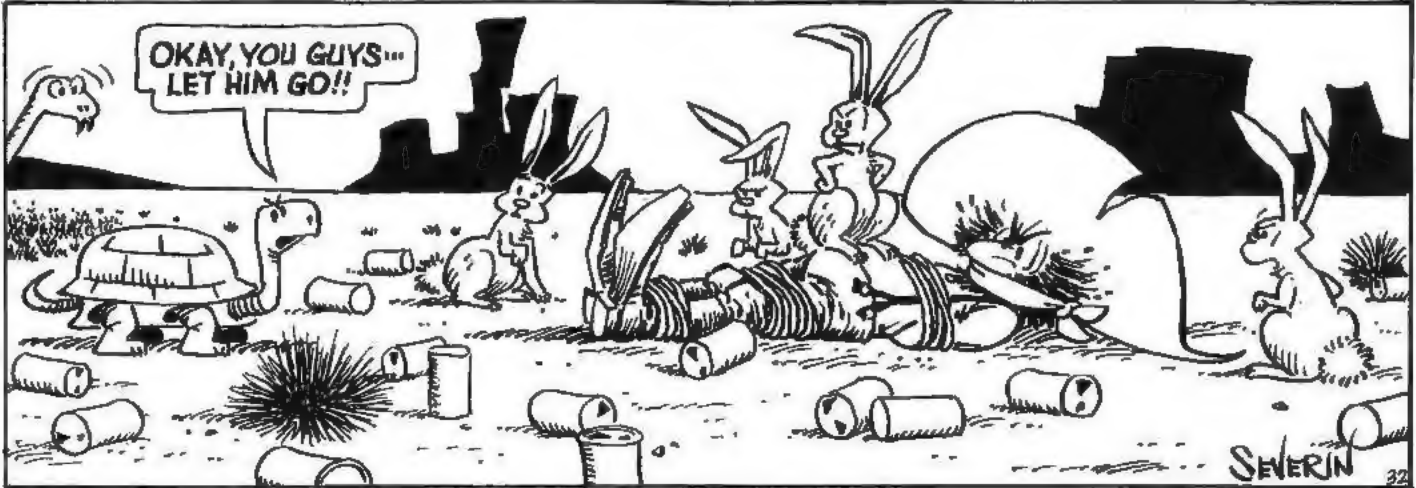


**DO YOU THINK A
DEATH PENALTY
FOR LITTERING IS
TOO SEVERE?**

**WHY...UH...
YES!**



**OKAY, YOU GUYS...
LET HIM GO!!**

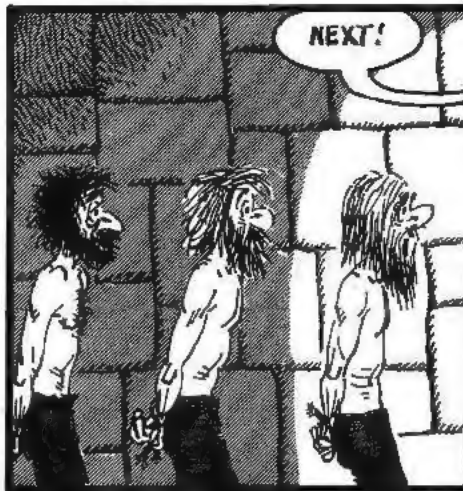


SEVERIN 32

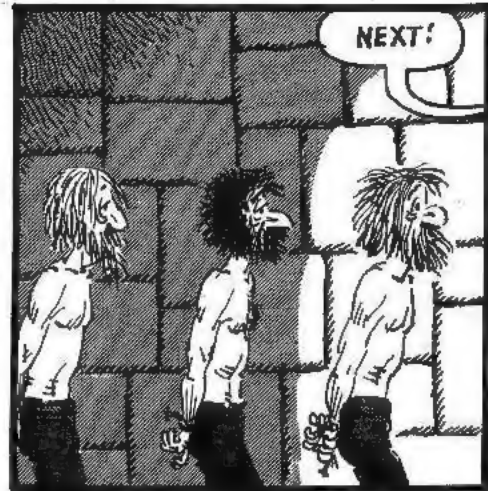
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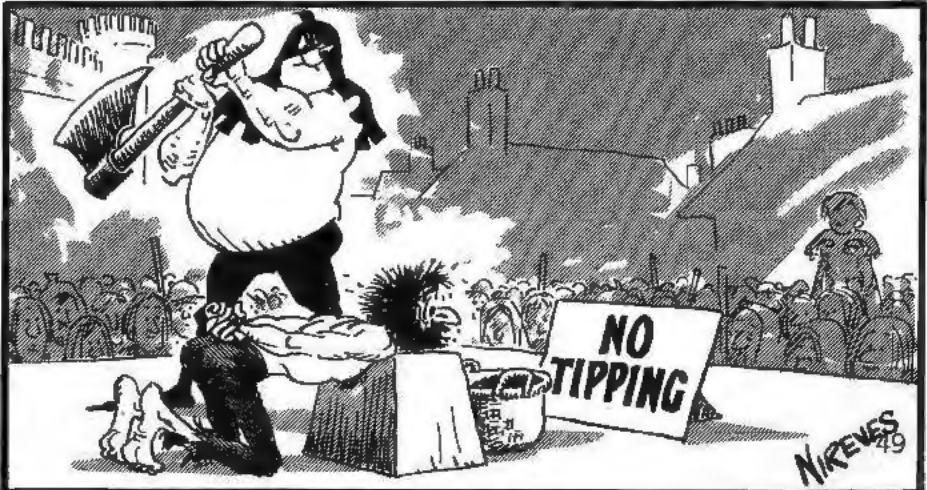
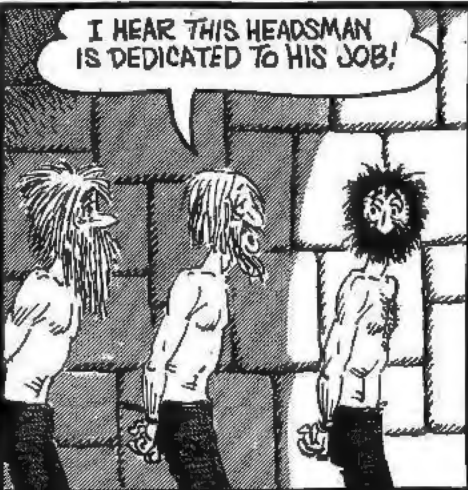
NEXT!



NEXT!



**I HEAR THIS HEADSMAN
IS DEDICATED TO HIS JOB!**



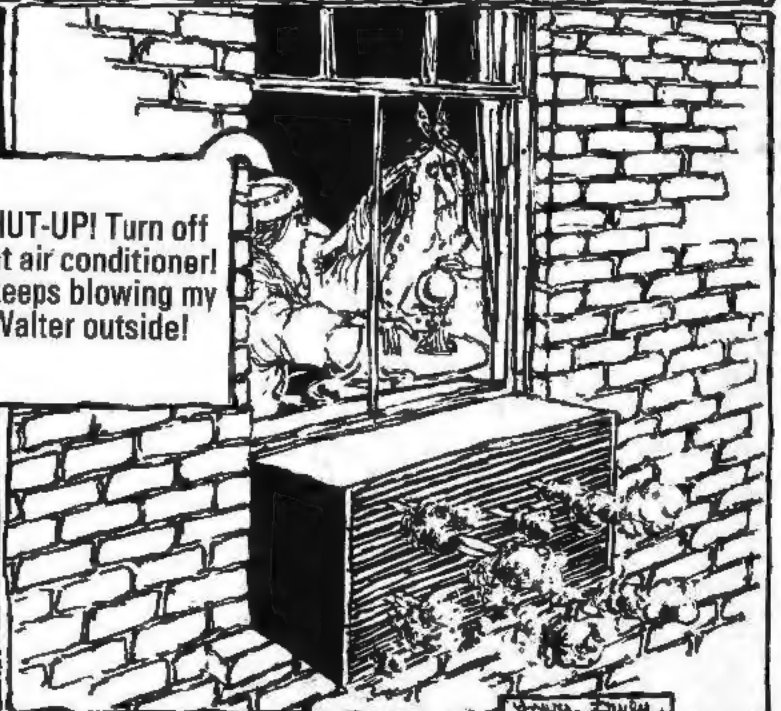
NIREVES 49

SHUT-UPS

HOLD TO MIRROR

CRACKED'S SECRET MESSAGE

AMIRAH-BX-X:Imaga A.I.O:raitmatta
HWOY pminvilek fud kashromma
elissim hahar-AMIRAH OEP1-PVS:area
!bebulam For aevittad-rebozab



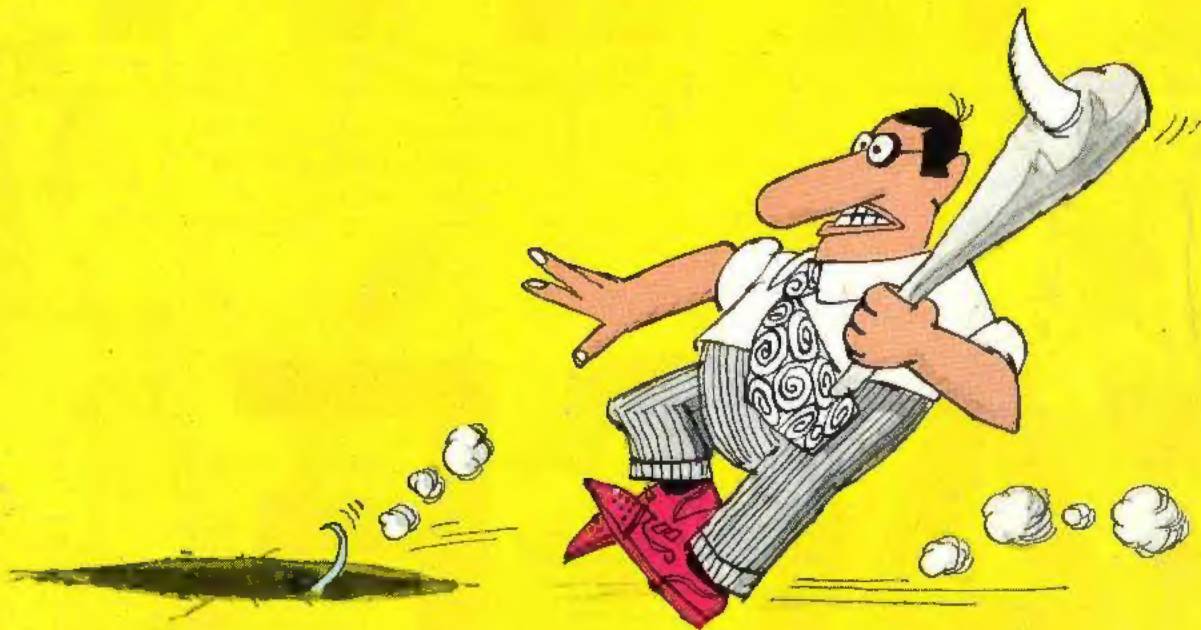
RTANT

SAGE

YOU'RE
STANDING
TOO CLOSE
TO THIS
POSTER!



The Man and The Mousey...



OSKAR
BLÖTTA